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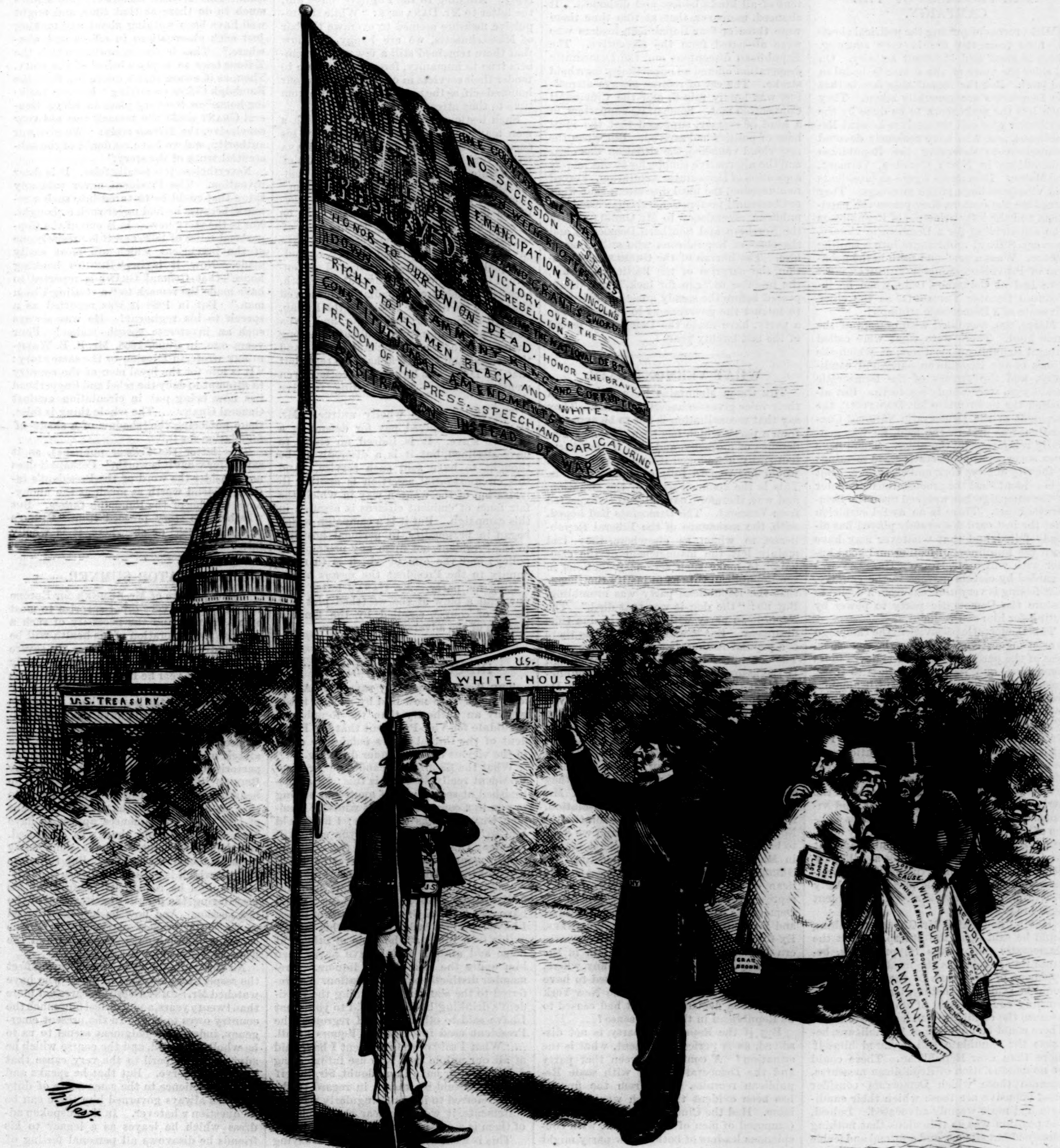


GENERAL ORDERS.

General Dix. "If any Man attempts to haul down the American Flag, Shoot him on the Spot!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1872.

Charles Reade.
Wilkie Collins.

In the August Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE *is commenced a* NEW NOVEL *by* CHARLES READE, *entitled* "A SIMPLETON: A STORY OF THE DAY."

A new novel by WILKIE COLLINS, *entitled* "THE NEW MAGDALEN," *will be commenced in the October Number of the* MAGAZINE.

☞ *New Subscribers will be supplied with* HARPER'S MAGAZINE *from the commencement of* CHARLES READE'S *story, in the August Number, 1872, to the close of the Volume ending with November, 1873—making* SIXTEEN NUMBERS—FOR FOUR DOLLARS.

THE PROGRESS OF THE CAMPAIGN.

THE process of pulling the political chestnuts from the fire is very amusing. There is great and incessant activity. On all sides the voice of the orator is heard in the land. But the remarkable fact is that the Democrats are generally silent. They have left the main work to be done by the gentlemen who call themselves Liberal Republicans, and who have zealously devoted themselves to defeating the Republican nominations in North Carolina, Vermont, and Maine. Democrats figure as presidents and vice-presidents of the meetings. They introduce the orators, they praise the patriotism and the lofty principle of Republicans who are striving for a Democratic victory, then cry, S'tboy! and relapse into a smiling silence. What a profound faith in the goodness of Providence Senator THURMAN must have had at Columbus, Ohio, when he introduced Senator TRUMBULL as the chief advocate of a Democratic triumph!

Maine, too, was filled with orators of the same kind. There were what were called Liberal Republican meetings, at which the crimes of the Republican party and candidates, and the virtues of the Democratic candidates, were amply set forth. But although the unfortunate Mr. DOOLITTLE, the president of the Democratic National Convention, was first in the field, he was generally reinforced by the allies. There have been some small Democratic ward meetings in the city of New York and elsewhere. But it is evident that the preposterous character of the campaign has weighed upon the Democratic heart. There is an awful suspicion that the last card desperately played has already failed, and that whatever may have been the kindliness of feeling and good humor with which Mr. HORACE GREELEY was regarded by certain persons in the country, that feeling is very different from a desire to restore the Democratic party to power by voting for him as President.

This Democratic passivity in the campaign is most suggestive. It shows the consciousness of the party that nobody believes in its conversion, and its unwillingness to insist upon an absurdity. The instant it nominated Mr. GREELEY upon a platform intended to be one of reform, its guns were spiked. What could a Democratic orator say about Mr. GREELEY? Which had changed? Yesterday he was rating the Democratic party as rebel at the core, and as attracting all the ignorant and vicious classes in the community. To-day he is its candidate. Has the party ceased to be rebel, ignorant, and vicious, or has Mr. GREELEY changed his opinion of it? The alternative was equally hopeless. If the party orators should say that Mr. GREELEY was supported not as a Republican, but as a reformer, the necessary corollary, that the Democratic party is the party of reform, would have shaken the continent with laughter.

Having nominated Mr. GREELEY, nothing could be said upon the stump of what the Democratic party calls its principles, because its candidate is the most conspicuous opponent of every one of them. Nothing could be said of its history, for it is ghastly. Nothing could be said of its chief leaders, because the candidate had denounced them. There could be no abuse of Republicans, because the candidate had declared himself more than ever Republican. There could be no denunciation of Republican measures, because those which Democrats consider most offensive are those which their candidate had most warmly advocated. Indeed, the position was so ridiculous that nothing remained but silence, and a formal and feeble echo of the personal slanders of the President, and of the demand of Mr. FENTON, Mr. M'CLURE, General BANKS, and General COCHRANE for civil service reform.

Ex-Senator HENDRICKS, indeed, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Indiana, has been stumping his State; but as a rule the Democrats have been strangely quiet. "If we are to elect the candidate," they seem to say to their allies, "you must carry on the campaign." But in the Southern States it is very different. The GREELEY meetings there are Democratic meetings, and the orators are Democrats. And there, as we have hitherto shown, the real significance of the GREELEY movement is developed. It is the overthrow of the Republican party and the recovery for the Southern States of all that can be recovered. In the Northern States the Liberal Republicans conduct the campaign by denouncing the dishonesty of the Administration. In the Southern States the Democrats declare that in Mr. GREELEY'S election "there is a gleam of hope" for the overthrow of equal suffrage. He must be a very foolish or a very angry man who sees in such a situation hope for greater prosperity and truer harmony.

It was natural that the course of the campaign should be just what it has been. At the close of every Administration there is always great disappointment, and discontent of all kinds, honest and dishonest. It chanced, moreover, that at this time there were three or four Republican leaders who were alienated from the Executive. The Republican discontent and the Democratic desperation offered an opportunity for a bold stroke. The cry of reform, always attractive, was loudly raised, and the Cincinnati Convention met. Some of its supporters, in a kind of ecstasy, supposed that the ideal hour of politics had arrived. But when the rosy cloud vanished, the situation was clear and the alternative simple, for it was merely a question of Democratic restoration. Forced to a decision, the ideal discontent that went to Cincinnati prefers General GRANT and Republican ascendency to Mr. GREELEY with the Northern and Southern Democrats and the class of Republicans who still cling to him. The hurrah of the GREELEY nomination, the surprise of the Baltimore action, the impulse to "run for luck," have disappeared before the steady question, Is it wise to intrust the government to those who, as a party, have made the Democratic record of the last twenty years?

WHAT VERMONT SAYS.

THE Green Mountains have spoken, and their voice gives no uncertain sound. They say that reconciliation is not to be expected from a party which has been the chief hinderance of harmony, and that if that party had really abandoned its old convictions it would not remain fully organized as it is. This is the common-sense of the situation, and was, therefore, naturally to be expected from Vermont. The Democrats had hoped, with the assistance of the Liberal Republicans, to whom, as elsewhere, they had mainly left the management of the campaign, to make such serious reductions in the Republican vote as to justify the theory that the Republican party was crumbling. But no: "the dog it was that died." The Republican party will perhaps in due time disappear. But it will last so long as there is a popular feeling that it is still necessary. The constant folly of the present campaign is the assumption of the Liberal Republicans that the party has done its work. Do they suppose that the "work" of a party is like harvesting a field of corn, which one body of laborers may cut and another bind?

The new party which the Liberal Republicans assume to exist, would be possible only upon the dissolution of one or both of the old parties. They may think that they see in the Democratic nomination of Mr. GREELEY signs of Democratic dissolution. But do they see Republican dissolution in North Carolina or in Vermont, and we hope to be able to say, when this paper is issued, in Maine? The *World* is supporting Mr. GREELEY. Does it support him as a Republican, or an independent, or as a new party representative? Distinctly not, but as the Democratic candidate. Senators THURMAN and BAYARD, Mr. BECK and Mr. VOORHEES, Ex-Governor VANCE and the whole Southern Democratic party, support him in the same way. Has any Democrat any where, or any Democratic paper, professed to have ceased to be Democratic, as the New York *Tribune* has declared that it had ceased to be Republican in the party sense?

But if the Republican party is not dissolved, as is perfectly evident, what is the situation? A contest between that party and the Democratic party with some Republican recruits. And from the first it has been evident that such would be the issue. Had the Cincinnati Convention been composed of men of both parties, with conspicuous leaders of both, a new party might have been practicable. And why was it not so composed? Simply because the facts were not favorable. There were plenty of Democrats of the BLAIR kind who were willing to use the Convention as a wedge to divide the Republicans; but there were no leading Democrats ready to throw off their party allegiance. This is what Vermont understands; and therefore Vermont says that she believes the country to be safer with the Republican than with the Democratic party.

MR. R. H. DANA, JUN., AND FUGITIVE SLAVES.

THE force of the letter of RICHARD H. DANA, Jun., to some colored citizens of Boston has been shown by the fury with which it was received by the supporters of Mr. GREELEY, and the falsehood with which they answer it. Those amiable brethren in GREELEY, the New York *Tribune* and the New York *World*, especially fell upon Mr. DANA with laughable ferocity. But his character and career effectually dispose of mere misrepresentations. Mr. DANA'S opinion was naturally asked by his colored fellow-citizens, for his brilliant services in behalf of fugitive slaves are well known, and the high regard felt for him by the colored citizens is shown in the letter to which his is a reply. Alluding to the Fugitive Slave bill, the letter to Mr. DANA says: "While this repulsive measure seemed to overawe the bar of Massachusetts, we are happy to know that there remained still a few of the members true to humanity, foremost of whom to tender their services in our defense was your honored self, as the records of the courts from time to time attest."

Such testimony is something of which a man may well be proud, and therefore his enemies instinctively hawk at it. Mr. DANA writes that he thinks that "such a Chief Magistrate as Mr. GREELEY, and such a combination as would use and control him," would be perilous; and with incisive brevity he declares, "President GRANT will be elected, and surrounded by those forces of society which, with his powerful aid, have saved the Union, abolished slavery, extended equal rights to freedmen, enacted and enforced laws against barbarism at the South, secured the debt from repudiation, preserved the public credit, done justice to the Indian, avoided foreign war with honor, and given new scope and dignity to arbitration among nations." These are trenchant truths; and the *Tribune* and the *World* have no reply but that Mr. DANA was largely paid—they even mention a sum—for defending fugitive slaves.

The statement is wholly untrue. Mr. DANA never received pay for defending a fugitive slave. It is, indeed, no credit to have declined, but it is a discredit to be thought to have sold such service. And this circumstantial assertion is another illustration of the wanton way in which the fair fame of eminent citizens is assailed in this campaign. But it is a campaign which began in personality, in personal hostility to the President, not upon any principle or policy; and the aim of which is to make enmity to the President the means of defeating his party. Mr. DANA'S letter is so powerful a blow at the wretched plot that he is, of course, assailed by the familiar weapon of the adversary, defamation.

"INDULGING TO EXCESS."

THE *World* deliberately says that American youth "are now told by no less trustworthy an authority than the Republican candidate for Vice-President that the President of the United States *indulges to excess* in the vicious habit of liquor drinking."

What the Republican candidate for Vice-President really does say is this: "I am astonished at seeing myself quoted as saying to you in a conversation last winter, 'President GRANT drinks too much; I have told him so.' 'Senator WILSON,' you say, 'will not deny this.' I do deny, in the most emphatic manner, that I have ever said any thing of the kind to you, or any thing that resembles it. Your statement is unqualifiedly false. During the last nine years I have seen General GRANT hundreds of times. I have seen him in his camp, in his family, at his own table, at the table of others, at home and abroad, and I have never seen him under the influence of liquors. I remember distinctly our conversation. You referred to the slanders concerning the President's drinking habits. I said to you what I have said to others—that I regretted the President used intoxicating liquors at all. ......What I said of the President I have said of all our public men who use intoxicating drinks......Nor have I any doubt, Sir, that if the truth could be known in regard to the cases referred to in your singularly reckless statements, it would appear that each one of them is a cruel and malignant slander."

This is what the *World* describes as saying that the President "indulges to excess" in liquor drinking.

One day in Washington a gentleman said to us that if we wished to know in what condition the President was upon a certain occasion we had only to ask Mr. X. It was unnecessary, for that very day Mr. X. had himself said to us, in alluding to the same occasion, "I was there, and I have heard that the President was not sober. It is utterly untrue. He was perfectly sober." And at another time, when to our personal knowledge the President was suffering from a sharp and serious attack of illness, it was whispered with shrugs that he had been "indulging to excess."

Hamlet was long ago of opinion that nothing is easier than lying.

ANOTHER.

WE have received many letters from all parts of the country asking if it be true that General GRANT said, during the war, that if it was waged for emancipation, he would carry his sword to the South. And the New York *Tribune* quotes a Missouri paper, which states that General GRANT made the remark in "RINGO'S banking house," in Mexico, Missouri. We hope that "RINGO'S banking house" is innocent of issuing this false coin. The *Tribune* remarks: "He hadn't much to do there at that time, and might well have been walking about and making just such observations in offices and elsewhere." That is the manner in which the *Tribune* tries to imply a belief of the story. Then, as if aware that a quotation from the Randolph *Citizen* specifying "RINGO'S banking house" as the very place in which General GRANT made the remark was not very conclusive, the *Tribune* adds: "We give our authority, and we have no doubt of the substantial truth of the story."

Nevertheless, it is totally false. It is sheer invention. The President never said any thing that could be tortured into such a remark, because he had never such a thought. Nor is the story new. It is one of the Copperhead relics of 1868, and it is precisely one of the inventions which are most easily made. Now it is in "RINGO'S banking house" that General GRANT is reported to have made the remark to "a sterling Union man." But in 1868 it was reported as a speech to his regiment! He was always such an inveterate speech-maker! Four years ago, in June, 1868, Mr. E. B. WASHBURNE wrote, in allusion to the same story: "It is idle for the loyal men of the country to attempt to deny the rebel and Copperhead lies now being put in circulation against General GRANT......The whole thing is false, there not being the 'shadow of a shade' of foundation for it."

This letter the *Tribune* publishes, as it says, "for what it is worth." Perhaps it does not consider the word of the President's intimate friend worth as much as the anonymous slander of the Randolph *Citizen*. But whether the story proceed from "RINGO'S banking house" or elsewhere, it is wholly false.

SENATOR SUMNER.

THE departure of Mr. SUMNER for Europe was doubtless a very great surprise to most of his friends, and the necessity of such a step for the restoration of his health will be profoundly regretted. But since the severe attack from which he suffered in the early spring of last year he has never regained his old condition, and the mental struggle of separation from the party whose principles his life and his words have alike nobly illustrated has cost him more than those have suspected who did not know him well. The attack of last year was a form of angina pectoris, originally due to the assault by BROOKS in the Senate, in May, 1856. The Senator's vigorous constitution seemed to cope successfully with the consequences, but of late those consequences appear to have been more insidious than was suspected. He should undoubtedly have gone away upon his recovery last year. But the sense of duty which is so powerful with him prevented, and he remained faithfully at his post during the peculiar excitements of the last session. And now he has been forced to fly. The prayers of thousands of true hearts go with him, invoking for him the health which is here denied.

No difference of opinion can now affect the respect and affection of those who have watched Mr. SUMNER'S public career of more than twenty years, and who feel how much the country owes to him. In the present emergency, indeed, his judgment seems to us to be wholly unsound, and the course which he advises full of peril to the very cause that he seeks to serve. But that he speaks and acts in obedience to the same sense of duty that has always governed him there can be no question whatever. In the unspoken address which he leaves as a legacy to his friends he disavows all personal feeling of hostility to the President whom he has so severely condemned. Yet that he feels that he has himself been pursued with personal hostility there is no doubt. The event which has wounded him sorely, and which, as we said at the time, and have always thought, was an immense political blunder, was his

removal by the Senate from the chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Relations. There are reasons suggested, of which we acknowledge the force. That his remaining in the chair might have seriously embarrassed, if not frustrated, the negotiations with England is possible. But that was a smaller mischief than the removal. Mr. Sumner undoubtedly believed that his removal, and that of his friend Mr. Motley, were signs of the Executive displeasure with him. But in both instances he was mistaken.

Under a deep sense of wrong, however, it is not easy to be sure that we are free from personal feeling toward those whom we believe to be the wrong-doers. But Mr. Sumner's arguments must be judged upon their own merits. The address which he leaves is partly a repetition of his speech in the Senate of the 31st of May, and of his letter to the colored citizens, and partly an advocacy of Mr. Greeley as the candidate of civil service reform and of reconciliation. But Mr. Greeley, in his Portland speech, finally disposed of his claims as a representative of the reform of the civil service. Mr. Sumner, like all who insist strenuously upon one Presidential term as a panacea for the evils of patronage, apparently supposes that re-election is the only motive for misuse of the appointing power, forgetting that ineligibility removes all sense of responsibility, and makes the other motives to abuse of the power as strong as the desire of re-election. As for reconciliation, we quote Mr. Sumner's own words. In his letter to the colored citizens he says, "The present position of the colored citizen is in peril;" and in the address which he leaves he says, "Anxious for the equal rights of all, and knowing well that no text of law or Constitution is adequate without a supporting sentiment behind," etc. Where, then, shall that sentiment be found? Suppose, as Mr. Sumner believes, the Democratic party is honestly converted, are the Democratic principles, policies, and traditions of the last generation the school from which we can reasonably expect the sentiment which will honor the new texts, and make the defense of equal rights efficient? But if it is not converted, it is as wild to hope for its success now as it was in 1868.

The address merely repeats the Senator's convictions; and it is one of the most melancholy events of the campaign that many of the sincerest personal friends of Mr. Sumner are compelled to differ wholly from his judgment upon a great public question at the very moment that their hearts are saddened by his illness.

A SIGNIFICANT RESOLUTION.

One of the most significant resolutions in recent "platforms" is that adopted by the Massachusetts Convention:

"*Resolved*, That we heartily approve of the recognition of the rights of Woman contained in the fourteenth clause of the National Republican platform; that the Republican party of Massachusetts, as the representative of Liberty and Progress, is in favor of extending suffrage on equal terms to all American citizens, irrespective of sex, and will hail the day when the educated intellect and enlightened conscience of Woman find direct expression at the ballot-box."

This is the most positive and distinct declaration upon the subject yet made by a political party in this country. It shows, what has long been evident to many persons, that the question of general suffrage is merely one of time, and that when the laws acknowledge the substantial equality of women in the various relations of property and industry, political equality is sure logically to follow. A hundred years ago the present State of Massachusetts rang with the voices of Otis and Quincy and Adams, insisting that taxation without representation is tyranny. That was "the preamble" upon which Mr. Webster said the Revolution was fought, and upon that principle the victory was won. The Massachusetts Convention the other day, in adopting the resolution that we have quoted, only continued the traditions of the State. Taxation without representation is tyranny. Lord Chatham derived the principle from Magna Charta. But women are taxed. They must, therefore, have a voice in representation.

It will not suffice to say that they are really represented and substantially represented by men upon the ground that the relation of the sexes is such that there is necessarily a common interest, and that what is really beneficial for one must be good for the other. That reply was disposed of in the Revolutionary debates when it was made by the British ministry. "We are virtually one people," they said; "our interests are identical. To harm you would be to harm ourselves. Therefore our legislation will not wrong you." But there were the stamp act and the tea tax and the whole colonial system. The colonists were like the man who couldn't be put in the stocks. "There's no law for it." That may be, said the man, but here I am! And there were the colonists.

The answer to the argument that common interest will secure equal legislation is found in the unequal laws themselves. And amidst all the exasperating folly of the agitation in this country the steady presentation of the real facts and arguments has profoundly affected the public mind, as this resolution shows. And unless platforms have become mere blinds, we may now expect some action. The Republican party of Massachusetts is dominant by an enormous majority. It declares itself in favor of extending suffrage upon equal terms to all citizens irrespective of sex. Undoubtedly it will be held to its word. It will be asked to prove that it favors such an extension by proposing it to the people. And the vote of the people of such a State as Massachusetts would show more clearly than any thing else how strong the cause really is.

GENERAL BANKS AT SACARAPPA.

Reporters and the telegraph make queer work of speeches; but if General Banks is correctly reported at Sacarappa, in Maine, he said some very amusing things. He began, says the report, by paying a high tribute to the Democratic party for its unselfish patriotism in joining the Liberal Republicans. The unselfishness appears in Mr. Greeley's promise that it shall have its share of the spoils, and the alliance is what General Benning alludes to in saying that "the Chattahoochee ought not to complain because the creek empties into it." Any Democrat of a lively sense of humor who heard General Banks solemnly praising the unselfish patriotism of the Democratic party in trying to ride back to power upon Mr. Greeley's shoulders must have smiled as he wondered whether the orator or any of his hearers relished the joke as much as he did.

But the same Democrat must have stared when, remembering the Chicago Convention of 1864, and the steady opposition of his party to every measure for the prosecution of the war, he heard the complimentary general declare that the present action of the Democratic party was similar to that which it had pursued during the war! The action of the Democratic party during the war is familiar to the country. Of course there were many Democrats who left the party, and some who remained in its ranks acquiescing in its action rather than approving it, and some, as the general says, who went to the field. But the party action was the most shameful in our history. Its present conduct is indeed like it in this, that it is an attempt to deliver the government into the hands of those who attempted its destruction, and who have always opposed the fundamental changes that have been made in the Constitution. But it was hardly a felicitous stroke of eloquence for the ears of Republican hearers.

The general says that the Greeley men are no longer either Republicans or Democrats. But Mr. Greeley himself says that he is more Republican than ever, and Mr. Gratz Brown says that the Democrats have renounced nothing. The fact is, as every body now sees, that the question of the campaign is one which "the action that the Democratic party pursued during the war" will materially help the country to answer.

PERSONAL.

Francis Kernan, the Democratic-Liberal candidate for Governor of New York, is of Irish extraction, a zealous Roman Catholic, and a man of extreme views on the subject of his religious creed. During the war he was a Copperhead of Copperheads, and opposed every measure for the suppression of the rebellion. When Republicans are ready to give up the common schools, and surrender every thing gained for universal freedom during the last twelve years, they may be ready to vote a Copperhead and a bigot into the gubernatorial chair.

—A writer in the *Herald*, among other reasons why the Roman Catholics should support Mr. Greeley, asserts that "Mr. Greeley's only sister and his two nieces were baptized Catholics in St. Stephen's Church by the late Dr. Cummings," and that "Mr. Greeley was present at the ceremony an unopposing witness." We are also told that "at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, at Manhattanville, his eldest daughter, Miss Ida Greeley, was educated with the full permission, if her own convictions led her to adopt the Catholic faith, to be baptized in that Church. His younger daughter was also a pupil at the convent. Does this look like animosity against Catholics?" "There are many reasons," the writer adds, "why Catholics ought to respect Horace Greeley and to vote for him. Catholics in New York particularly owe him more than can be told in a newspaper article." It is probable that these reasons led to Mr. Greeley's nomination to the Presidency, and have made him the favorite candidate of the Romish priests. With Greeley and Kernan in office, there would be left little hope for the public schools.

—General Dix is a native of Boscawen, New Hampshire, and the son of a trader, who formerly owned the tract of land now bearing the name of Dixville.

—Mr. Augustin Daly, who is now running two theatres in this city and one in Philadelphia, has written half a dozen successful plays, and adapted as many more from the French. During the coming season he will produce new comedies written by Bronson Howard, author of "Saratoga," Bret Harte, Oakey Hall, and one by himself.

—Daniel Drew is said to admit being worth $25,000,000, and knowing ones say a third more. It is pretty certain that he has added a little matter of two millions to his wealth during the present year.

—The late George Jacques, of Worcester, Massachusetts, has bequeathed a quarter of a million of dollars to the Worcester City Hospital; but relatives will contest the will. They say the old gentleman was insane. He did have an odd touch or two, and one of them was pretty bad.

—A right curious man was the late Robert Barnes, of Evansville, Indiana, who died in February, 1871. Some gentleman has sent us a little pamphlet containing his will, in which he bequeaths all his property, valued at about $700,000, for the establishment of a college to be under the control and management of the Indiana State Association of Spiritualists. He enjoins that "no ecclesiastic missionary or minister, of any sect whatsoever, shall ever hold or exercise any station or duty whatsoever in said college, nor shall any such person ever be admitted for any purpose, or as a visitor, within the premises appropriated to the purposes of said college." The buildings of the college are not to cost over $25,000, and the income of the balance, about $42,000 a year, is for the support of professors, the instruction of pupils, and the making comfortable all inmates, especially sickly and delicately constituted females. Pupils may be admitted at the age of six, and continue until the age of eighteen if they shall desire. The class for whom Mr. Barnes especially provides are "the poor children of parents destitute of means, who have no connection with church or sect of any denomination who style themselves Christians, or any secret society or fraternity, and who stand aloof from all orthodox creeds and secret associations whatsoever." Here, therefore, is an opportunity for those who never believed in any thing, and never expect to, to put their children where they can be trained in the same fine old style. Mr. Barnes was "no end" of an odd genius. He became a temperance man. One of his leading articles of traffic was old Bourbon whisky. A question arose in his mind how to dispose of his stock on hand to the best advantage. He could not conscientiously sell that which he himself could not use, but soon solved the question by ordering it all rolled out of his store, broke in the heads of the barrels, and allowed it to find its free way into the Ohio River. On that point, at least, Barnes was sound, if he was crotchety. He died a widower without issue.

—Father Hyacinthe has just been married to an American widow, Mrs. Merriman, daughter of Amory Butterfield. Mr. and Mrs. Hyacinthe and one Abbé Michaud (a man Abbé—not Miss Abbe Michaud) propose to go to New Caledonia to establish a church in accordance with their own doctrines among the political convicts of that penal settlement.

—Captain James B. Eads has been made an LL.D. by the University of Missouri, as a testimonial to the wonderful skill and science he has exhibited in the construction of the bridge over the Mississippi, and which has attracted the admiration of the first scientists of Europe as well as of America.

—M. Andrieux, the private secretary of M. Thiers, is one of those peculiarly gifted young men who seem to have been born to become the private secretaries of great statesmen. Without him Thiers would go daft. Every morning as the clock strikes six Andrieux enters the cabinet of his chief with a load of letters, filtered out of the mails of the preceding day, which must be answered. The average number of letters addressed to the President daily is about seven hundred, every one of which passes first under the inspection of M. Andrieux and his assistant, M. Rouge. The less important ones are answered by the secretary without reference to the President. As to the rest, brief points or memoranda are given, and from these M. Andrieux performs an amount of epistolary toil that can be more readily imagined than described.

—Mr. James Gordon Bennett proposes, it is said, to honor the memory of his father by erecting in Greenwood one of the finest monuments, if not the finest, that this country has produced. The price is unlimited, but will probably be somewhere about $250,000. The shaft is to be of white marble, elaborately sculptured with symbolical figures representing the profession of journalism. The inscription will be simply, "James Gordon Bennett," with age, etc., and "Founder of the New York *Herald*." Mr. Bennett may well do this. No young man ever had a more indulgent parent than he, or one more solicitous for the welfare or good repute of his offspring.

—The Right Rev. James Gibbons, Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina, has just been appointed Bishop of Richmond, Virginia, with jurisdiction over North Carolina. He is one of the youngest prelates of the Catholic Church, having been born in Baltimore in 1834.

—Mr. Judah P. Benjamin, formerly United States Senator from Louisiana, ex-Attorney-General and Secretary of State under the Confederate government, has at last attained the object of his later ambition, and won and is wearing the silk gown of Queen's Counsel in England. Soon after his entrance upon the legal profession in that country Mr. Benjamin secured a lucrative practice, chiefly from Liverpool and Manchester, his arguments being noted as "combining strict legal accuracy with a persuasive and adroit rhetoric, two attributes which comparatively seldom run together, the latter being, indeed, a somewhat scarce commodity at the English equity bar." It is understood that he now receives his silk gown in consequence of the Lord Chancellor having been so impressed with the ability of his recent argument before the House of Lords in the case of Potter *v.* Rankin as to consider that it would be unjust to withhold from him the dignity of a Q. C.

—King Amadeus, although having an undecided, vague, melancholy, and an apparently limp frame, is nevertheless full of pluck, accomplished in all manly exercises, and has uttered his determination never to leave Spain except as a corpse.

—Mr. Mundella, a man of some note in the British Parliament, recently said, at a meeting of his constituents at Sheffield, that the Treaty of Washington was a guarantee that England could never again engage in a great war with any Christian or civilized community without first offering to refer the cause of dispute to the great powers. The treaty was one of the greatest moral victories of our time.

—This "personal" of old Blücher, from the "Recollections" of Lady Clementina Davies: When the special messengers arrived to inform Blücher that Napoleon had escaped from Elba, and that his services would be immediately required in the field, they were astonished to find him literally running round and round a large room, the floor of which was covered with sawdust, and in which he had immured himself under the delusion that he was an elephant. For the time it was feared that Blücher was hopelessly insane, or that he was so far suffering from *delirium tremens* that his active co-operation in the anticipated campaign would be impossible; but when the urgent news was brought him he at once recovered himself, and proceeded to give his advice in a perfectly sound state of mind, the tone of which was thus, as by a sudden shock, restored to him.

—Mr. Andrew Carrigan, who died at his residence in Fifth Avenue on the 6th inst., was a gentleman very generally known and highly esteemed in the business and social circles of New York. He was a man of large fortune, acquired partly in commercial pursuits, but principally by the advance in the value of his large landed estate situated near Central Park. Although he had often refused to be a candidate for municipal and other offices, he nevertheless freely gave his time and energies to several of our charitable organizations, especially as one of the first members of the Board of Commissioners of Emigration, and as one of the original managers of the Emigrant Industrial Savings Institution, where his only emoluments consisted in the pleasure of gratuitously serving the poor and friendless. He was a very conscientious man, a very just man, a very liberal man, a truly Christian gentleman, warmly devoted to his personal friends, and who had no enemies.

—Professor Fawcett has been worriting Premier Gladstone by airing some of the little soft things of his ministerial friends; as, for example, mentioning how the Attorney-General is paid $35,000 a year and the Solicitor-General $30,000 as retaining fees for advice, while beyond this they are paid fees for all the government work which they do in the courts, and which doubles the above amounts; and then there is no end to their private practice, for which the litigating Briton has to pay at a fine old figure.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The public debt was further reduced during the month of August to the extent of $10,736,635 89.

The election for State officers in Vermont occurred September 3, and resulted in a Republican majority of about 26,000.

The New England Fair was formally opened at Lowell, Massachusetts, September 3, with an address by Dr. Loring.

The forty-first annual exhibition of the American Institute was opened at the Third Avenue Rink September 4. The inaugural address was delivered by President Barnard of the Institute.

The Democrats and "Liberal" Republicans of New York State held separate conventions in Syracuse, and on the 5th inst. agreed upon the following nominations: for Governor, Francis Kernan; Lieutenant-Governor, Chauncey M. Depew; Congressman at large, S. S. Cox; Canal Commissioner, John F. Hubbard; State-prison Inspector, Enos C. Brooks.

The "Straight-out" Democratic National Convention was held at Louisville September 4 and 5, Judge James Lyons, of Virginia, presiding. Charles O'Conor, of New York, was nominated for President of the United States, and John Quincy Adams for Vice-President, but both nominees declined, and the convention thereupon adjourned *sine die*.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A fire broke out over the altar of the Canterbury Cathedral on the morning of September 3, through the accidental overturning of a charcoal furnace used in repairing the roof. Fortunately the flames were extinguished before any serious damage had been done.

The coachmen of Havana, discontented with the new law forbidding extortionate charges, assembled in the streets, September 3, and made riotous demonstrations, which were speedily suppressed by the Captain-General.

The difficulty between Brazil and the Argentine Republic has been amicably arranged, and General Mure, the envoy of the latter, still remains at Rio Janeiro.

Cluseret and Lefrancais have been sentenced to death by a court-martial sitting at Versailles for the trial of Communists, owing to their contumacy in refusing to appear in defense of charges preferred against them. Neither of these gentlemen is at present in France, and probably neither will return to accommodate the court-martial.

The members of the Bavarian ministry have tendered their resignations to the king, owing to a crisis in public affairs.

The International Society Congress convened in the city of Hague, Netherlands, September 2, and remained in session five days. A resolution was passed thanking those who had died for the people's rights, and greeting all who are in chains with the hope of freedom. General Trochu was denounced as a traitor, and Jules Favre as a wretch.

The Masonic fraternity of Mexico held a Lodge of Sorrow in the Iturbide Theatre recently in memory of the late President Juarez. The ceremonies were largely attended and very impressive.

The Pacific mail steamer *America*, of the China line, was burned to the water's edge, August 24, in the port of Yokohama. Nineteen lives were lost, as were also the mails and cargo for China and the passengers luggage.

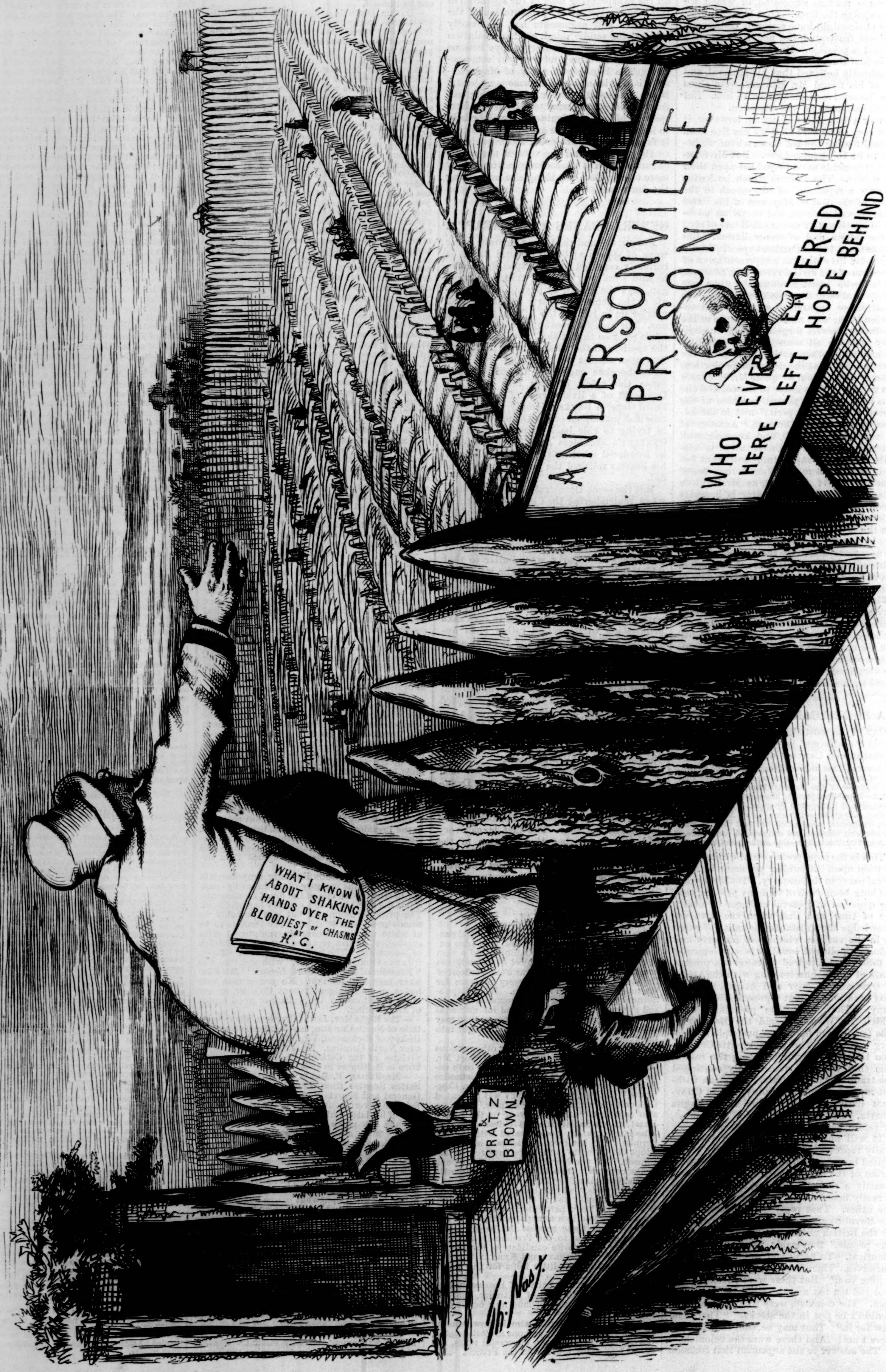
According to the *Provinzial Correspondenz* (a semi-official newspaper), the meeting of the three emperors is the pledge of good feeling between Germany, Russia, and Austria. The same authority gives assurance that the aim of the conference is peace and the maintenance of a settled condition in Europe.

The anniversary of the French republic was celebrated quietly throughout France on the 4th of September. As a precautionary measure the troops in Paris were kept under arms, but there were no demonstrations calling for their interference.

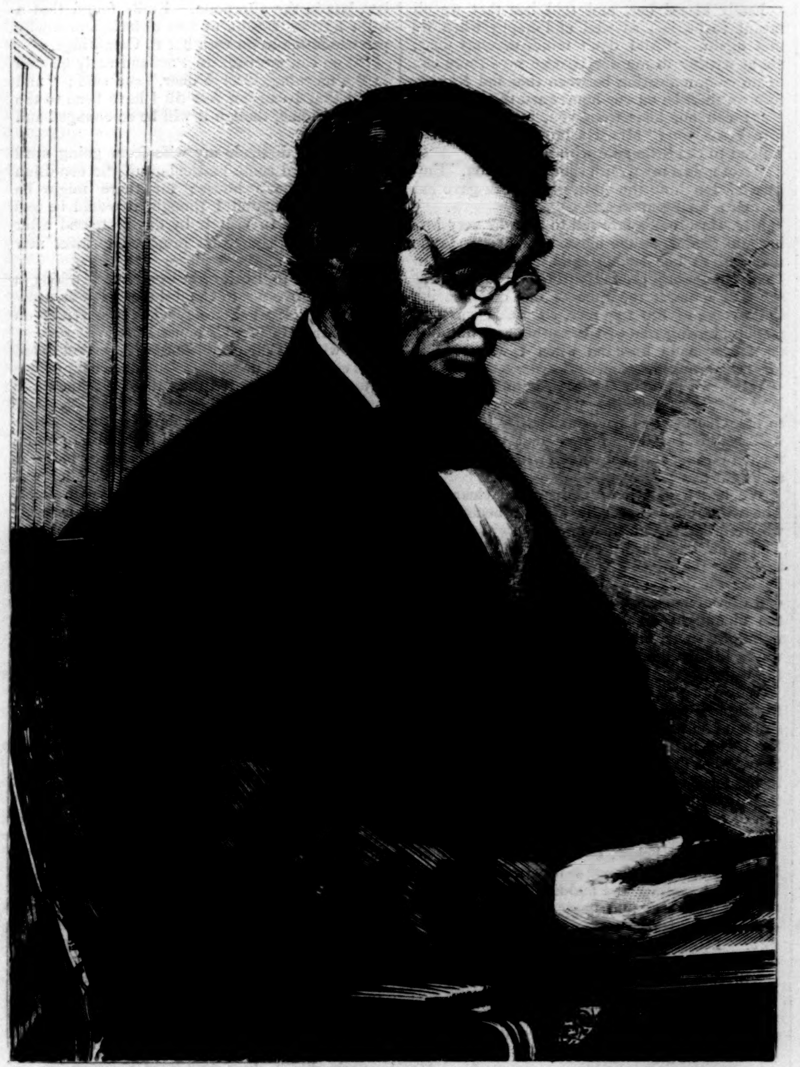
The Hungarian Diet was opened on the 4th instant by the Emperor Francis Joseph in person. He congratulated the kingdom and empire on their happy relations with foreign powers, and urged perseverance in the work of internal improvements.

All is again quiet on the Spanish frontier. The Carlists are reported as leaving for Switzerland and the north of France.

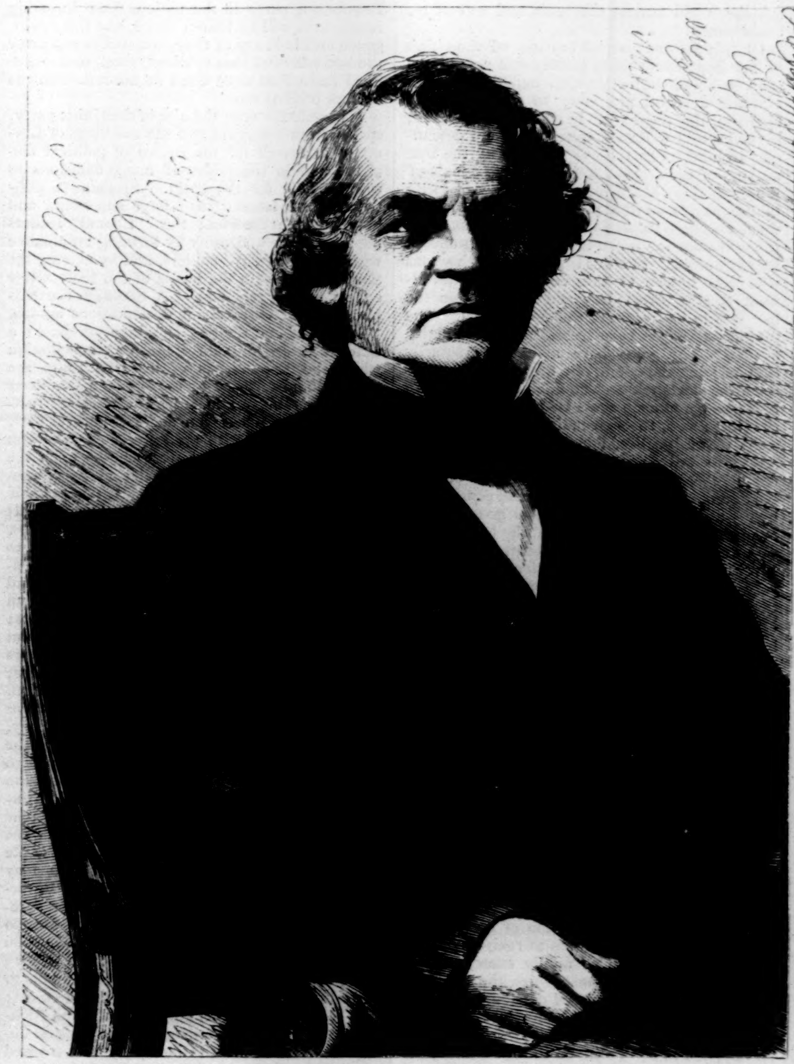
The Emperor of Russia, the Czarowitz Alexander, and Grand Duke Vladimir arrived at Berlin September 5. They were met at the railroad station by the Emperor William, the Crown Prince, and his son, accompanied by many of the leading dignitaries of the German empire.



"LET US CLASP HANDS OVER THE BLOODY CHASM."—HORACE GREELEY.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

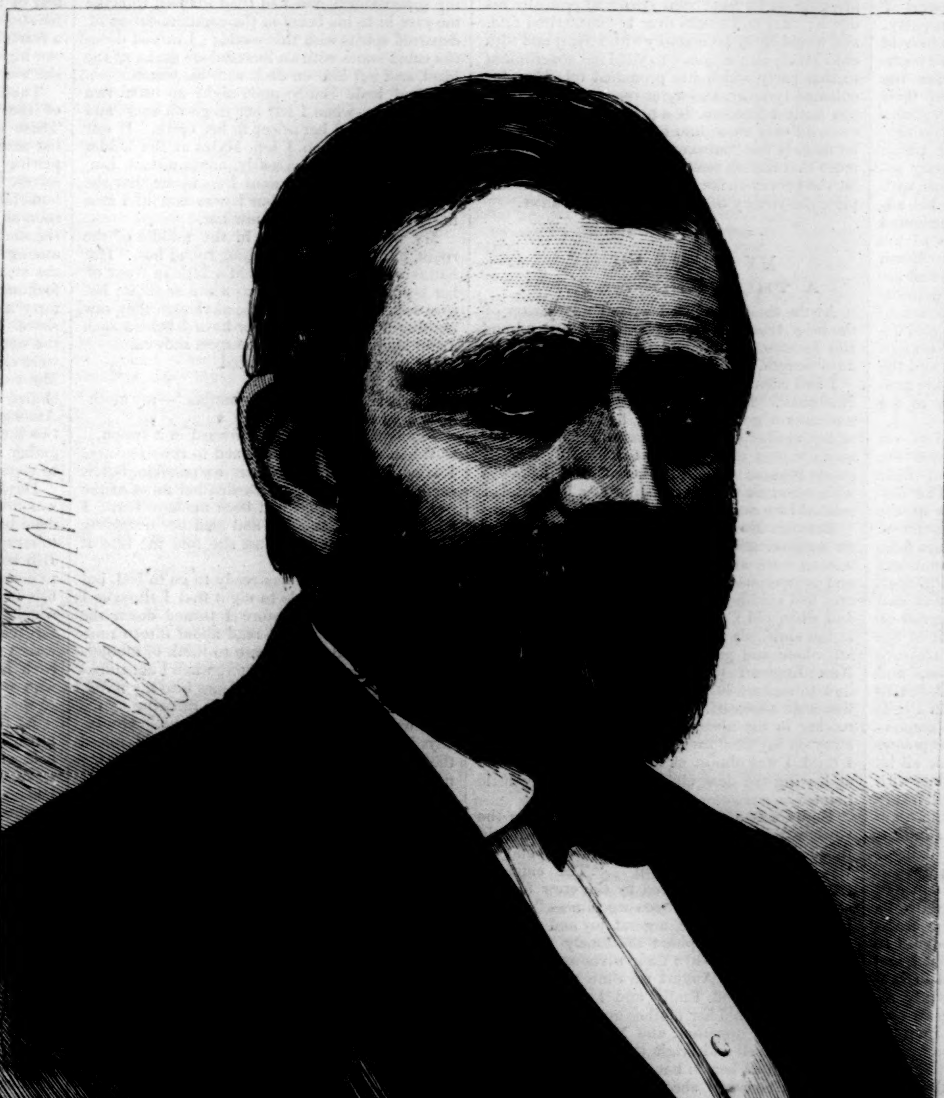


ANDREW JOHNSON.

LINCOLN—JOHNSON—GRANT.

BY EUGENE LAWRENCE.

THE death of LINCOLN, mysterious and terrible, filled the whole nation with a solemn resolution to revere his patriotism, to follow his teachings, that time can never weaken. Seven years have passed since he perished in the moment of his triumph, the last victim of the slave-holders, yet still his pale, sad countenance rises before us in each new passage of our history, beaming with immortal honesty, and touched by a charity that might have warmed even toward his destroyers. It is seldom that so generous a nature is bestowed upon man; nor would the unselfish and compassionate LINCOLN, perhaps, have desired any other fate than to die for the welfare of his country. As the Presidential election approaches—the crowning struggle between the fallen slave-holders and the friends of union; between anarchy and good order, peace or endless revolutions; between that party which sprang up from the grave of LINCOLN and that desperate faction which strove to profit from his fall—the eyes of the nation will once more turn fondly and reverently to his memorable life and glorious death. He had just completed the noblest triumph of modern statesmanship when he fell by the assassin's hand. He had entered Washington almost a fugitive from his foes, pursued by the emissaries of that remorseless conspiracy which had been nurtured in the corrupt atmosphere of slavery, and to which crime and bloodshed were familiar pastimes. Surrounded by his deadly foes, LINCOLN assumed the place once held by WASHINGTON or ADAMS. Beleaguered in his capital, shut out from the faithful North, he saw the nation apparently fall to pieces before him, the Union perish, the home of successful industry, the refuge of mankind, sink into utter anarchy. Then suddenly rose into action that powerful will, that resolute nature that never faltered in the defense of right and justice, and LINCOLN prepared to rebuild once more the home of freedom. Patiently yet actively he pursued the iron path of duty, his tender heart often weighed down by those woes that THUCYDIDES tells us are too deep for tears. The most humane of men, he guided with energy a war that involved singular pains and overwhelming severity; he inflicted upon the rebellious faction the penalty of their crimes. A great commander arose who executed with unprecedented success the plans of the government; and almost within four years from the hour when LINCOLN had first entered upon his perilous office the rebellion was extinguished, and amidst the wide rejoicing of the people of every civilized land, the shame and the terror of tyrants and usurpers, of the oligarchs of England and the despot of France, the American Union ruled once more unbroken from the Atlantic to the Pacific.



ULYSSES S. GRANT.

It is related that as LINCOLN, in the last hours of his life, surveyed the triumph of freedom, he grew cheerful and glad, that the weight of care that had rested upon him seemed lifted, and that with something of the joy of a creator he looked upon that united nation which had sprung up anew beneath his guiding hand. A momentary satisfaction filled his mind, equal to the feebler pleasures of many lives, for he felt that he had saved the land of industry and of progress from those bitter chains which the enemies of freedom would impose upon it, and had preserved for the rising people of Europe and America a shelter and a home. Here at least knowledge would be free to all, and no corroding shackles would check the swift progress of the indestructible mind. In this happy assurance he died. That LINCOLN could so long have escaped the malice of the most unscrupulous of political factions is not the least remarkable trait in his career. Assassins had chased him from New York to Baltimore when he first entered upon his office; they surrounded him at Washington; they plotted against his life at Richmond, and prepared his destruction in Canada; but he had outlived all their arts. A watchful Providence turned aside the deadly blow that might have proved fatal to freedom and to the hopes of man. But now that shield was withdrawn. On a memorable Friday evening LINCOLN reluctantly promised to attend a theatre in Washington; he was unwilling to disappoint the people. He was received with cheers. At his side, in the same box, it was expected that GRANT, the hero of the war, and COLFAX, its patient defender, would appear; but happily they were absent. It was the hope of the conspirators to destroy at one blow the chief of the army and the head of the republic. The bleeding form of LINCOLN alone was borne back to his home, and his great [illegible]

left the world amidst the tears and awe of his countrymen.

Of this mysterious plot to carry off the chiefs of the Republican party history will possibly be able, at some future time, to unfold the origin and the dreadful progress; to show by whose counsels the deaths of LINCOLN and GRANT, SEWARD and COLFAX, were urged and defended; to hold up to the eye of posterity the true authors of the darkest stain upon the annals of the republic. Mr. JOHNSON and the majority of the people, in the first rage of grief, fixed upon DAVIS, SAUNDERS, CLAY, and TUCKER as the real assassins, and a large reward was offered for their arrest. Nor was it unlikely that persons who were known to have committed deeds almost equally atrocious would shrink from the last step in crime. Yet the proof failed. The plot has never yet been traced beyond its active agents. The guilty have at least temporarily escaped; but the odium of a dreadful crime rests upon the slave-holders who filled the nation with bloodshed, and upon those Democratic leaders in the North who, through indiscretion or through some worse impulse, fanned the rebellion, and strove to veil their treason under the sacred name of peace. But from the grave of LINCOLN, animated by his teachings and consecrated by his death, sprang up anew that great Republican party which had borne all the perils of the war, and which was now to reconstruct a nation. "With malice toward none, with charity for all," yet with a firm resolution to defend the right to the utmost limit, to shelter from their remorseless enemies the poor and the oppressed, the Republican party reflected in all its conduct the genius of LINCOLN and the humanest principles of his policy. No punishment was inflicted upon the guiltiest agents of the rebellion or their sympathizers at the North. DAVIS and TOOMBS, BEAUREGARD and REAGAN, were set free from their prisons; THOMPSON and SAUNDERS are still at large; SEYMOUR and BUCKALEW were spared all unfriendly scrutiny; and with a generosity unparalleled in history a general amnesty was at once awarded to the fallen South.

The Union party naturally hoped that its mildness would be repaid with suitable gratitude, and that the fallen slave-holders would submit patiently to the evils they had brought upon themselves; that they would refrain from all opposition to the restoration of good order, and cease from all attempts to revive that tyranny which they had so fatally exercised over the small farmers and mechanics, the Northern immigrants, and the colored population of their native section. It was soon undeceived. "Those pests of society," to use the language WASHINGTON applied to the Tories of the Revolution, the disunionists at the South, renewed at once their disloyal conduct, and strove by political intrigues to destroy the peace of the nation. They made use of the prejudices and the feebleness of President JOHNSON to divide the Union party. They still continued their vain attempt to hold in political subjection the majority of their population. They denied to the colored race the right of suffrage, and still strove to keep their white voters in ignorance and moral degradation. President JOHNSON lent an obstinate support to all their turbulent disorder; the Union Congress replied by measures of necessary severity; the President assailed Congress with coarse epithets and bitter rebukes, and his administration was marked by an unprecedented hostility between the two departments of the government. The disunionists at the North and South rejoiced in the disorders they had occasioned; the disreputable and daring political leaders who had driven the Southern States into rebellion came out once more, shameless and defiant, from their obscurity; and their Northern allies, the robbers of the public treasury and the traitors of the rebellion, helped to swell the general turmoil, and threatened the safety of the nation.

In this disastrous and hopeless period of our national affairs General GRANT assumed the Presidency. The people, conscious of their danger, had rallied to his support. The disunionists of the South and their allies at the North were defeated with a signal overthrow. In vain the orators of the rebellion came from Georgia or Louisiana to speak for tyranny and slavery in the streets of New York and Philadelphia, or SEYMOUR and TWEED, HOFFMAN and BLAIR, and SWEENY, strove to renew the rule of the slave-holders over the working-men of the South. In vain the plunder of our city treasury was poured out in aid of the "lost cause," and every art of dishonest politicians employed to stay the progress of freedom. A Union President was elected; the Union party was empowered to pursue its humane yet courageous policy. The spirit of LINCOLN has presided over all its measures, and "with malice toward none, with charity for all," President GRANT has still firmly defended the cause of the humble and the poor. Within the four years of his prosperous administration the nation has risen up from the dangerous weakness and confusion in which it was left by President JOHNSON to strength, order, and harmony. Honesty has been restored to its finances; its treasury is overflowing, its credit unbounded. With a military force reduced to an extreme limit, peace has been maintained, and the rebellious faction of the South held in subjection. The Southern States are swiftly reviving under the rule of an intelligent government, and the Southern people, relieved from the tyranny of a corrupt and ignorant oligarchy, are multiplying the productions of their fertile territory. In several of the Southern States the slave-politicians have resumed their ascendency by force and fraud; have murdered, whipped, and persecuted the people, checked the progress of knowledge, put back the hand that would have reformed them, and still resist the advance of Republican ideas. But with the continued rule of the Republican party in the nation, these lingering restrictions will be beaten down, and the intelligence and industry of the South will sweep away the last traces of that indolent, cruel, and tyrannical caste that once filled its borders with the horrors of civil war.

It has always been the aim of the Union party, sprung from the grave and the teachings of LINCOLN, to search for the causes of political disorder, and in the midst of many delusions to speak boldly for the truth. Speculative politicians have labored to enforce superficial and impracticable theories; the "Liberal" leaders hope for peace and unity by forming an alliance with the fallen slave-holders, and by placing the Southern States in the hands of the most active agents of the rebellion. A SUMNER contents himself with extravagant declamations against "nepotism" and the San Domingo purchase; a SCHURZ utters his vain dream of reconciliation while the Republicans of his own State are whipped and tortured by his allies; a GREELEY renews his negotiations with the least trustworthy of the rebels; an acute Democrat (Mr. O'CONOR) hopes, with legal precision, to reform the nation by a series of fresh checks upon the government. But the Republican party sees that all these schemes are vain. It places itself boldly on "the vantage-ground of truth." It proposes the elevation of the people. It hopes, with the restoration of a settled government, to spread knowledge from the Atlantic to the Pacific; to educate the whole nation in honesty and virtue; to inculcate industry; to expel European prejudices by the force of advancing intelligence; to promote modesty, frugality, and self-restraint among officials, and careful scrutiny among voters as to the qualities of every candidate for office; to blend all the powers of literature, of education, and of rising knowledge in one ceaseless war upon all the sources of political and moral decay.

For this end it summons the nation to the support of GRANT and WILSON. Always true to the Union and the people, in the deep depression of the rebellion, in the disastrous rule of JOHNSON, in the rising prosperity of the past four years, to President GRANT the government owes its existence, and to Senator WILSON an example of unchanging patriotism. To such men may well be intrusted the new era of reform. Reverently they stood before LINCOLN's grave; carefully have they obeyed his teachings. But to commit the care of freedom and its future to the enemies of that great statesman and his policy; to that party that pursued him from Illinois to Washington with threats and vain maledictions; that plotted against his life in Canada and Richmond, or strove to disappoint all his patriotic designs in New York and Cincinnati; that covered him with rude abuse; that proclaimed his administration a failure; that in the moment of his triumph pierced his generous breast and laid him bleeding at its feet; that strove to profit by his death; that still exults over his unmerited fate, and would cover his memory with infamy and with oblivion its own crimes—to yield the government to that party which has promoted rebellion, inculcated tyranny, and never repented of its treason against freedom, is a project so extravagant as could only enter into minds so diseased as to be fit only for "stratagems and spoils." Once more that faction seeks the control of the nation: let the people strike it down forever, and complete the victory of LINCOLN and of GRANT.

MY WIFE'S VISION.

A TRUE GHOST STORY.

AT the time of which I write I was master of the brig *Argonaut*, sailing between Portland and Rio Janeiro, a matter of from sixty to seventy days' length.

I had been married about two years to Emily Hasbrouk. My wife was a young woman of uncommon good sense, and had waited quietly at her mother's house in Cambridge until I was made master of the *Argonaut*, and my worldly goods became sufficient wherewith to endow a wife, when we were married, after a long trial of mutual love and faith.

Between Emily and her mother there existed an unusual affection and intimacy. The two women were all that were left of a once large and prosperous family. Little by little the property had vanished, one by one the sons had died, and when old Captain Hasbrouk was lost down in the Gulf, his widow and one little child were left alone and poorly provided for. Like most New England women, Mrs. Hasbrouk knew how to make a little go a great way, and Emily was well educated. Mrs. Hasbrouk was like a mother to me always, and when I took Emily away on my first voyage after we were married, I think I was almost as near crying as my bride at leaving the dear old lady and the snug little home.

Emily was a wonderful sailor, and made the voyages with me like an old tar, never being in the least affected by weather or waves, and always bright and cheerful. "The captain's lady" was greatly admired by the crew for her strength of mind and "sea-worthiness," and to me she was, of course, a great joy and comfort, for I have always pitied the lonely sea-faring men who have to leave their wives ashore.

On the 3d of August we were preparing for another trip, and Emily and I went down to Cambridge to bid her mother good-by. We had a happy day together, and Mrs. Hasbrouk was looking so well and bright that I spoke of it, and complimented her on her good looks.

"Yes, George," she said, "I have never felt better, and if it were not that you are going to take Emily away again, I would say I never felt in better spirits. I only hope, my dear children, that we may all meet again in this way when you come home," she added, with something of solemnity in her tone.

Emily kissed her, and told her that we all meant to be just so well and happy when we met again. "And don't mind, mammy dear, about writing to me, for George says there can be no communication between this and Rio before we shall be on our homeward trip."

"I can not hear from you, my darling, before I see you?" Mrs. Hasbrouk asked, as she walked to the little gate with us.

"Not unless my wraith should visit you," Emily said, laughing thoughtlessly, as she gave her mother a final embrace.

Mrs. Hasbrouk's farewell to me was very loving and tender, as she blessed me and bade me take care of her darling child. She always put Emily under my protection in this way, just as she had done at the time of our commencing the voyage of life together, so that I was perpetually having renewed the pride and humility of a new-made husband when I was bidding Mrs. Hasbrouk farewell.

When we were in the cars, bound for Portland, Emily said to me, "It is such a comfort to me, George, to have seen mother looking so well before I sail." I was glad too, and we started on our outward course with fine weather and light hearts.

We had a month of undisturbed clear sky. The wind blew especially for our benefit, and we were making an uncommonly swift passage. The crew had hardly enough work to occupy them, for the vessel almost sailed herself. Emily sat on deck most of the time, and did no end of worsted-work and light reading, and in the moonlight nights she would keep out till midnight sometimes, singing and watching the waves in the shine, and the phosphorescence on the water.

We were prepared through all this easy time for the foul weather to come, and when the wind shifted, and a little cloud no bigger than a man's hand began to rise, "We're a-waitin' for the blow," said Jack Salt: and sure enough we had it for forty-eight hours, heavy and strong, and then it calmed down somewhat, and we took a run of rainy days, not fit for any but men to be out in.

Emily staid below, except once she put her head out of the companion-way, all tied up in a hood, and, smiling and nodding at me, she said, "Ugh! how wet and nasty every thing looks! even the sea seems more watery than it was before. I think I had better go down again, George. I shall not do for a deck hand." So she disappeared into our cabin.

On the night of Thursday, the 29th of September, five days out from Rio, I staid on deck rather later than usual, talking with the mate. It was a quiet night, drizzling a little, but the sea smoother than it had been in some time. Mr. Myles, the mate, who was rather a queer fellow, had been telling me some stories bordering on the supernatural, and had tried his best to make me give in to his belief in the communication of departed spirits with this world. I turned down the cabin stairs with an incredulous shake of the head, and left him on deck with his watch.

I had bade Emily good-night at least two hours before, when I left her to go on deck, and expected to find her asleep in her berth. It was eleven o'clock when I left Myles at the ladder head, and I descended softly, not to disturb Emily. As I opened the door I could see that she was not in her berth, but it was not till I was fairly in the cabin that I saw her.

My wife was standing in the middle of the room, her black hair streaming round her. Her hands were clasped, and held a little in front of her bosom. Her face was as white as snow; her eyes were staring and blank, as though they saw nothing around her. Never have I beheld such awful anguish as her whole aspect showed.

"Emily! my wife!" I cried.

She gave a sort of gasp.

"George, I have seen my mother!—my mother is dead!"

I caught her as she fell forward in a swoon.

When my dear wife returned to consciousness I tried to keep her as quiet as possible, but it seemed that she must unburden her mind of the awful revelation that had been made to her. I sat by her all that night and held her trembling hand in mine; and at last she told me how it had come.

My wife said: "I was ready to go to bed, but the ship rolled so little to-night that I thought I would read a while before I turned down the light. I suppose I had read about fifteen minutes, when suddenly I began to think of mother. I often do this; for, somehow, when I am thinking of other things mother comes into my mind, and then I always say, 'She is thinking of me now, or talking about me to some one.' Gradually I took my eyes off the book, and raised them toward the door of the cabin, and there my mother stood before me. She was very pale, as though she had been through some illness, and her hands were crossed upon her breast. I spoke to her: 'Mother, what is it?' She smiled, and waved her hand to me, and disappeared. I know that she is dead, and that I shall never see her again."

Emily was strangely moved and excited throughout this recital. At first I was frightened, for I thought her mind must be affected in some way. But at last she became so calm and sad that I saw she really believed her mother to be dead. And I believed it too. Why should not two hearts, so closely bound together as were Emily's and her mother's, be able to communicate to each other such a great change as the leaving the world? I believed Mrs. Hasbrouk's spirit had found means to tell her faithful daughter of its flight.

When we reached Rio Emily caused mourning to be prepared, and our homeward voyage was not gladdened by my wife's songs. She was quite subdued by her sorrow and loss.

We reached Portland on the 20th of December, late in the afternoon. Emily found that a train left for Boston at four o'clock, and finally persuaded me to go with her to Cambridge.

"You can get back to Portland early enough in the morning, George dear," she said; "and I feel that I can not rest till I have been to the dear old home, though it will be so changed and sad."

I tried to dissuade my wife from going until we had heard some particulars of the condition of her mother's house; for there might be strangers in it, and I thought it would be less trying to her to visit it by daylight, and after her mind was somewhat prepared to meet new people in her mother's place.

We went to Boston, however, and, taking a carriage, drove out to Cambridge. It was nearly ten o'clock when we reached the street on which Mrs. Hasbrouk's house stood.

My wife was shivering, more with restless dread than cold, as we drove up to the once happy little home. She was very quiet, though I knew she was powerfully affected.

The house seemed quite dark in front.

As we knocked (Emily had insisted on getting out of the carriage, and stood close to me)—as we knocked, the lock turned, and the door was thrown open. The hall was filled with light, and in the doorway, as bright and well as ever, stood Mrs. Hasbrouk, the same happy lady we had left nearly five months before.

Emily, of course, went back to colors. We have never had the affair satisfactorily explained, but certainly Mrs. Hasbrouk was perfectly well during the whole time of our absence, and she had nothing to do with the appearance of her own ghost.

I think that Mr. Myles, to whom I afterward told the story, has disliked Mrs. Hasbrouk from that time.

THE WRECK OF THE "METIS."

THE wreck of the propeller *Metis*, of the New York and Providence line, by collision with the schooner *Nettie Cushing*, off Stonington, just before daybreak on the morning of August 30, was one of the most dreadful calamities that has ever occurred on the Sound. A fearful storm prevailed during the latter part of the night, and about four o'clock, while all the passengers were asleep, the propeller was struck by the schooner about forty feet abaft of the stem, nearly opposite the pilot-house. Captain BURTON, of the *Metis*, unaware of the damage she had received, immediately turned his vessel about and started in search of the schooner. Not being able to find her, he resumed his course, the mates and pilot reporting that no serious injury had been sustained. A short time later, however, the engineer reported that the steamer was rapidly filling. The passengers were immediately notified of their danger, and the *Metis* was headed for shore. But it was too late. The wind blew a fearful gale, it was raining hard, and the sea ran high. In about half an hour from the time she was headed for shore she sank.

There was great confusion on board. Many of the passengers lost all presence of mind. There were plenty of life-preservers on board, but many persons seized two or three each, depriving others of this means of saving themselves. There was great mismanagement in launching the life-boats, two being swamped as soon as they touched the water, and one leaving the steamer without a man, woman, or child from among the passengers. Providentially, when the steamer sank, the upper deck broke loose, forming a substantial raft, on which between forty and fifty persons were floated toward the shore. The water was covered with débris from the wreck, to which men, women, and children were clinging in the desperate struggle for life. Many were washed off by the heavy sea; others, chilled and exhausted, lost their hold and sank. Among the sad incidents was the death of the two little WIERUM children, who were lashed together with life-preservers, but who were unable to endure the drenching and cold.

Daylight dawned on a fearful scene. The sea was covered with the fragments of the wreck, with dead bodies, and with those who were still able to struggle with the waves for life. The Watch Hill beach was in sight, but a fearful trial was to come. As the hurricane deck and other débris of the ill-fated steamer neared the surf the watchers on the beach made final preparation for rescue. Safety-lines were tied about the waists of the men who were to enter the surf, each line being securely held by several men who were to draw the rescuer and the rescued to the beach.

At the outer breaker the frail deck, floating broadside on, was seen to wave and bend like a field of rotted ice; then, lifted by a succeeding wave, the deck inclined toward the shore for an instant, a following sea capsized the deck, and crushed it to fragments. The life-raft on which the women and children had been placed for greater security was washed ashore, and the occupants rescued.

The surf at this moment was filled with human beings struggling amidst fragments of wreck. Toward these the rescuers made their way, and succeeded by noble efforts in saving many who, but for this aid, must have inevitably perished. Some of the passengers were dashed sufficiently far up the beach to be able to scramble ashore without aid; even these were in some instances so exhausted that they fell insensible, and required considerable effort to restore them to consciousness. The rescued were taken at once to the adjacent hotels, as were the bodies which were from time to time washed upon the beach.

The life-boat of the Watch Hill station was manned by a volunteer crew, under command of the light-house keeper, Captain J. S. CRANDALL. Seventeen persons were picked up by this

boat and transferred to the revenue-cutter *Moccasin*, together with the fifteen rescued by a crew composed of the following brave men—JOHN HARVEY, COURTLAND GAVIT, ED., WILLIAM, and EUGENE NASH—who manned Captain CRANDALL'S fishing boat. This boat was at sea during the entire day, and picked up most of the parties rescued by it at a distance of several miles from shore.

The number of lives lost by this terrible disaster has not yet been accurately ascertained. At last accounts nearly 50 were either dead or missing out of a total of 155 persons on board. Our illustrations on page 736 give the scene on the beach near Watch Hill, where the hurricane deck went ashore; the rescue of survivors by the crew of the fishing boat; the propeller *Metis;* and the schooner *Nettie Cushing.* While our artist was sketching the latter at New London, whither she proceeded after the collision, the steamer *Nevada* took fire, as shown in the sketch, and burned to the water's edge.

POOR CHILDREN'S PICNIC.

SOME time since the citizens of Boonton and villages adjacent sent an invitation to the managers of the "*Times* Poor Children's Picnic" to bring to Boonton as many of New York's poor children as it might be convenient to gather at one time. The excursion, numbering 1200 children, left New York at nine o'clock, August 30, *via* the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad, reaching Boonton at eleven o'clock A.M.

The spot chosen for the picnic was unsurpassable for the purpose—wide-stretching meadows sloping down from splendidly wooded hills to the edge of the railroad. On one of the ridges the citizens of Boonton had erected an arch of evergreens, with the word "Welcome" in huge letters on the pediment. Then smaller arches were on either side, bearing the names of the contributing villages—Boonton, Rockaway, Hanover, Montville, and Pequanoc. As the boys and girls descended from the cars they were formed in line four deep, and, headed by the Governor's Island band, marched, amidst deafening cheers, waving of handkerchiefs, and the most intense excitement, in front of the thousands of visitors, and passing through the arch, were soon dismissed to roam about as they liked.

Among the incidents was a raid on an orchard, which was stripped of apples in a jiffy, the owner seeming to enjoy the fun quite as much as the boys themselves, who ate to their hearts' content, and varied the entertainment by pelting each other and all passers-by with the fruit. A call to cake and sandwiches at length drew their attention from this sport.

After the sandwiches were gone an invitation to drink milk was eagerly accepted by the urchins. Policemen kept the crowd back, and succeeded, by letting the boys go one at a time, in forming a line. Each boy seized upon a cup of milk and drank it as he walked past the table, at the farther end of which the emptied cup was hastily deposited. The urchin hastily joined the crowd kept at bay by the policemen, and was soon *en route* past the table to take a second draft of "pure country milk."

In this neat manner did the untutored street boy get his fill. Some *very* small boys demonstrated a capacity for not more than a quart, but an average Arab quaffed his seven or eight mugs, and sorrowed that he could contain no more.

One of the features of this excursion was the generous offering of flowers. That newsboys have a love for flowers was fully demonstrated by their rough expression of pleasure and gratitude. The open-hearted generosity of the citizens who extended the invitation and provided the entertainment made the affair, of which we give several illustrations on page 737, one of the most successful of the *Times* picnics for poor children.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE various government exploring expeditions, the departure of which to the fields of operation for the season we have already announced, are busily engaged in carrying on the important work intrusted to them; and it will be safe to expect as the result a larger addition to our stock of detailed information respecting the western regions of America than has ever been brought together during a single year. The more important of these parties are the northwest boundary survey, the geological explorations of Mr. CLARENCE KING along the fortieth parallel, and the surveys of Lieutenant WHEELER in Nevada and Arizona, under the War Department; that of Professor HAYDEN, in two divisions, under the Interior Department; and that of Major POWELL in Colorado, under the Smithsonian Institution.

Perhaps the most thoroughly equipped and elaborate exploration is that of Lieutenant WHEELER, which is now fairly in the field, and engaged in carrying on its work. This has for its object a thorough investigation of the region west of the hundredth meridian, for the purpose of determining its geographical positions, thoroughly working out its topography, and investigating its geology, natural history, and climatology.

As the basis of this work, it is proposed by Lieutenant WHEELER to divide the region referred to into eighty-five rectangles of equal size, and to mark their corners with great precision, then, taking each one in detail, to determine its astronomical, physical, and natural history features. This, of course, will require considerable time for its completion; and it is hoped that Congress will grant the necessary authority, so that the work may be accomplished as speedily as possible. As each rectangle is elaborated, it will, of course, join on to those previously investigated; and an index map is to be carried along simultaneously for the more ready understanding of the details. Eight rectangles have been completed by Lieutenant WHEELER in his previous expeditions, and it is expected that thirteen will be finished by the end of the season.

To carry out this programme certain points are to be determined astronomically with great precision, and these as nearly as possible along a continuous parallel. Those already selected are, according to the New York *Herald*, a point near Beauvois, near Northwestern Kansas; the crossing of the Union Pacific and the western boundary of Nebraska; Cheyenne; the eastern limit of the survey of the fortieth parallel by CLARENCE KING; Sherman, the highest point on the Union Pacific; Fort Steele; Laramie City; the crossing of the Union Pacific and the western boundary of Wyoming; the crossing of the Central Pacific and the 120th meridian; and a point on the western boundary of Nevada.

Telegraphic determinations of the longitude will be used very freely, and for this purpose BRIGHAM YOUNG has kindly permitted the employment of his well-equipped observatory in Great Salt Lake City. It is proposed to establish a principal station at or near Sherman, the position of which will be determined with the utmost accuracy, and to use this as a point of reference for the other stations referred to. The work of the present season will be carried on almost simultaneously in Utah, Arizona, and Nevada, several divisions of the main party having already been organized and set to work. The southern and southwestern portions of the Salt Lake basin are to be explored; also the mining regions on the Virgin and in Eastern Nevada. It is proposed to establish astronomical points, by means of which to determine with greater accuracy the location of the mineral veins. The Wasatch Mountains will constitute the eastern limit of operations during the year.

The expedition, as organized, embraces the following among the more important of the *personnel:* Lieutenant GEORGE M. WHEELER, United States Engineers, in command; Lieutenants R. L. HOXIE and W. L. MARSHALL, United States Engineers; Dr. H. C. YARROW, surgeon and naturalist; T. V. BROWN, hospital steward and meteorologist; G. K. GILBERT and E. E. HOWELL, geologists; J. H. CLARK and E. P. AUSTIN, astronomical observers; LOUIS NELL and JOHN E. WEYSS, chief topographers; H. W. HENSHAW, assistant naturalist; M. S. SEVERANCE, ethnologist; and WILLIAM BELL, photographer.

At the latest advices the latitude and longitude of Beaver, in Utah, were being determined by Mr. CLARK, Mr. AUSTIN being stationed at the Salt Lake City Observatory. Pioche, in Nevada, will be the next point to be occupied. One branch of the expedition, under Lieutenant HOXIE, and accompanied by Dr. YARROW as naturalist, is exploring the regions west of Great Salt Lake City; while the other, under Lieutenant WHEELER, is surveying the Wasatch and the Sevier River regions east of it. From these main divisions parties are sent out to examine the water-courses and mountain regions of the country traversed. They will all concentrate at Beaver, Utah, about the 1st of October, and proceed together toward the south.

Professor E. D. COPE, of Philadelphia, is at present engaged in making explorations into the recent and fossil zoology of the Rocky Mountain region, in connection with the expedition of Professor HAYDEN. In the tertiary coal group he has already made some interesting discoveries at Osino, Nevada, about twenty-five miles northeast of Elcho, on the Central Pacific Railroad. The associated shales contain fossils, consisting of leaves (principally of dicotyledonous plants), mollusks, insects, and fishes, the last two frequently in a fine state of preservation. The mollusks are similar to *Planorbis viviparus*, and the insects principally *Diptera* and *Nematocera.* The fishes are all fresh-water forms, of which four species were obtained, all of them new to science. One of these belongs to the group of the suckers, now so extensively distributed in North America, and is, we believe, the first instance in which this has been found in a fossil state.

In one of the elevated valleys in the vicinity of this coal bed were found remains of the trunks of ancient forest trees completely silicified. Many of these must have measured five feet in diameter, and were variously altered, some becoming chalcedony, others opal; portions being black, red, yellow, purple, or white, of great purity.

The detail for the joint survey of the northern boundary of the United States, between the Lake of the Woods and the Rocky Mountains, has been completed, and the party rendezvoused at St. Paul on the 5th of August. The American branch of the expedition consists of Mr. ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, commissioner, with Major FARQUHAR, chief of the survey; Captain TWINING, chief astronomer; Lieutenants GREGORY and GREEN and four engineer officers, with Professor CLARKE and L. BASS, assistants in the astronomical department.

During the present season the survey will probably be occupied on that portion of the line between the Lake of the Woods and Pembina; the precise determination of the latitude of the latter being of great importance, since a conflict of jurisdiction has already arisen in reference to the Hudson Bay Company's post, close by. A complete equipment of apparatus has been provided, and every effort will be made to render this work not inferior to others prosecuted under the direction of the United States government.

In 1871 the important papers of Dr. PETERMANN upon the Gulf Stream, with their accompanying maps and charts, were translated into English and published by the United States Hydrographic Office, under the direction of Captain R. H. WYMAN. Since then two supplements have been issued by the office, including additional information obtained by Dr. PETERMANN, the second one accompanied by a map of the northern region of Europe and Asia east of Greenland. This, which is on quite a large scale, gives us the results of the discoveries made up to the end of 1871, including the work done by LAMONT, MACK, JOHANNESEN, PAYER and WEYPRECHT, ROSENTHAL, etc. The text of this supplement contains reports of the cruises of SMYTH and ULVE, and of Captain TORKILDSEN, papers on the sea north of Spitzbergen, and on Gillis's Land and King Charles's Land, etc.

PETERMANN is of the opinion that, as far as the discoveries of land go, the results of SMYTH and ULVE are more important than those of any cruise between Greenland and Siberia for many years past, as they show that the northeast line of Spitzbergen extends across $10\frac{1}{2}$ degrees of longitude, instead of the $7\frac{1}{2}$ previously assigned, this extension including the southern coast as well as the northern. The easternmost point reached by this expedition was a little beyond the 28th degree of east longitude.

We learn from PETERMANN'S *Mittheilungen* that the French expedition for arctic exploration, which was intended by its original head, Mr. LAMBERT, to proceed by way of Behring Straits, has had its plan changed under Mr. AMBERT, his successor, and that it has been determined to make the attempt at discoveries between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, along the route followed by PAYER and WEYPRECHT last summer.

During the summers of 1870 and 1871 Professor MARSH, of New Haven, was occupied in an extended series of explorations of the fossiliferous beds of the Rocky Mountain region, and succeeded in determining an extraordinary number of new forms of vertebrates. These he has been describing from time to time; the larger and more conspicuous having been briefly characterized by him shortly after his return, and he has lately completed the announcement of the smaller kinds in the *American Journal of Science.* Professor LEIDY and Professor COPE, of Philadelphia, are also now engaged in similar explorations in association with Professor HAYDEN'S geological labors, and have already secured a rich harvest. Professor LEIDY, under date of the 24th of July, writes from Fort Bridger to the Academy of Sciences to announce the discovery of several species, among them a tapiroid animal exceeding in bulk of body and limb the largest living rhinoceros, although the head seems to have been proportionately small. The existence of the most formidable carnivorus yet known has also been ascertained. The teeth resemble those of the sabre-toothed fossil tiger, a tusk obtained measuring over a foot in length. The antero-posterior diameter near the base is two inches, and the thickness transversely is one inch, thus showing it to have been a fitting antagonist of the largest ruminants and pachyderms contemporaneous with it.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE recent destruction by fire of a portion of the Canterbury Cathedral has awakened new interest in that grand old structure, which has survived the ravages of time for many centuries. We read of St. Augustine worshiping in the church of Canterbury as early as the year 597 A.D.; and when afterward King Ethelbert presented him with the city of Canterbury as his see, the church became the cathedral. It suffered many injuries at the hands of rude invaders and by fire, but during the eleventh and twelfth centuries was rebuilt on a magnificent scale. The assassination of Archbishop Thomas à Becket before the high altar in 1170 caused it to be regarded with extraordinary reverence, and brought pilgrims in thousands from all parts of the kingdom. The cathedral has undergone extensive repairs during the present century. Its form is that of a cross, with a central tower of remarkable beauty, and reaching to a height of 236 feet. The size of the structure is immense, being 514 feet in length and 71 in breadth, and the height of the vaulted roof being 80 feet. The windows of stained glass are exceedingly rich in color. The crypts are considered to be the finest in England, and contain several chapels. The town of Canterbury is a rather dull place of residence, though neat and clean, and surrounded by a pleasant tract of country. It is about fifty-six miles from London. The recent fire in the cathedral, which originated in the accidental upsetting of a charcoal furnace in use by workmen on the roof, has caused the destruction of about one hundred and fifty feet of the roof; but every thing that could be moved was taken from the cathedral before the firemen commenced to throw on water; and the work of repair will doubtless be soon commenced. It is an interesting circumstance that after the suppression of the fire, notwithstanding the smoke which filled the interior, the daily religious services, which have not been omitted in three hundred years, were held as usual in the cathedral.

The cool September days have sent the shivering guests at mountain and sea-side hotels back to their city homes. The city is glad to welcome them; yet the fact remains that there are no pleasanter months to spend in the country than September and October. One cold day does not make a winter, any more than one swallow a summer, and the mellow autumn days which are in store will be delicious.

The Livingstone controversy has brought some people out of a quiet retirement into unexpected public notice. Among others is David Livingstone's brother John, who, while pursuing his peaceful avocations on the Canada border, is suddenly dragged into the contest, his personal appearance minutely described, and his private life invaded. What a commotion the great African traveler has stirred up in the world, to be sure!

Apropos to the season, an exchange gives a recipe for a "Dolly Varden pie:"

"Take about four yards of light dough, gather it up in tucks and flounces, crimp the edges, and fill up with fruit; then lay on the over-skirt, fasten it with buttons of dough connected with frills of the same, and you will have a tasteful and elegant pie."

From many of the fashionable watering-places the complaint comes that the hotels have not done well this year; that the season of 1872 may be considered a failure, so far as they are concerned.

Much has been said from time to time respecting the benefits of seasickness. It has been recommended as a means of throwing off bilious attacks, but sometimes the remedy is worse than the disease. Some physicians advise a sea-voyage of some duration to persons threatened with pulmonary disease. The nausea induced would excite the skin, and the action of the skin would relieve the lungs.

The extreme verge of Lookout Mountain, overlooking the Tennessee River, is selected by strangers visiting the spot as a favorable point to have their photographs taken, there being a gallery situated near. Timid persons content themselves with a position ranging at from three or four feet from the edge of the precipice, which juts out above the trees several hundred feet below. A young lady from Nashville, however, thought this too tame, and, with the assistance of the photographer and a friend, climbed over the verge, and stood on the projecting fragment of rock, only six inches square, within a few feet of the top of the bluff, and looked calmly down from the giddy height until her picture was taken. One jostle or misstep, and she would have gone down through the tree-tops and into the valley below. No other lady has ever attempted the feat.

One of the most entertaining little volumes we have read lately is Gladstone's "Michael Faraday." In a simple, unpretending way it tells the story of his life, reviews his character and his methods of working, and points out to some extent the value of his discoveries. Faraday's enthusiastic love of study, his eagerness to investigate nature's laws, and his perseverance, were grand elements in his success. He worked on the principle which he once thus expressed to a friend: "I don't like to be beaten by something that I have once tried to do." He delighted to trace the mysterious workings of nature, and the stranger the phenomena, the more hidden the law that controlled, so much the more enthusiasm did the philosopher exhibit in making those discoveries which have benefited mankind.

"Yet living face to face with these great laws,
Great truths, great mysteries, all who saw him near
Knew him for child-like, simple, free from flaws
Of temper, full of love that casts out fear.

"Untired in charity, of cheer serene,
Not caring world's wealth or good word to earn,
Childhood's or manhood's ear content to win,
And still as glad to teach as meek to learn."

It is dangerous to live in a country that is too prolific—Santa Barbara, for example. Any place subject to a catastrophe like the following should be avoided as a residence. A singular accident recently occurred at Santa Barbara, by which one Mr. Short nearly lost his life. As he was working on a side hill on his place an immense water-melon, weighing eighty-six pounds, broke loose from the vine, and came thundering down the hill in his direction. He endeavored to escape from its track, but was prevented by becoming entangled in the vines. On came the melon with fearful velocity, and striking Mr. Short, threw him to the earth, and rolled over his prostrate body. By the most singular fortune he escaped with his life, and with only a severe injury to his legs.

Fruit should never be gathered during damp weather, nor when a heavy dew is upon it in the early morning. It is poor policy to shake fruit from the tree: it will almost surely decay from the effect of bruising. Even the slightest abrasion of the skin is the sure forerunner of a dark spot, which will eventually change into some kind of rot. If possible, each specimen should be taken singly from the tree and handled with the utmost care. Grapes should always be severed from the vine with strong scissors, and never twisted or broken off. If peaches are gathered before attaining full size, they will not have a fine flavor, but it is not necessary to delay picking them until they are very mellow. Scarcely any variety of the larger fruits color or ripen as well if left to perfect themselves on the tree, and this is especially true of pears.

The circular of the Consumers' Protective Association, of Boston, reveals the various processes of adulteration of milk. According to this, the milkman first pours off all the cream, which he sells separately at a high price; then he dilutes the remainder by the addition of as much water as it will bear. As decomposition at once commences when water is thus introduced, salt is added as a possible preventive. Burned sugar and other ingredients are used to give color, sweetness, and consistency to this mixture, which is sold as "pure" milk. Doubtless there is much of this kind of business carried on, but we have faith to believe that not all milk dealers are party to it.

A Philadelphia physician, in giving some directions respecting the management of children with reference to cholera infantum, says that it is essential to keep the child cool, and this may be best accomplished by frequent bathing in water cooler than the atmosphere. Great care should also be taken not to overfeed children during warm weather, as the digestive organs object to being overworked then as much as the muscles. The milk used should be as fresh as possible, but when it must be kept a while it should be first boiled, then kept covered on ice.

A traveler who has been "fleeced" while seeing the notable places about Paris, gives the following advice to tourists:

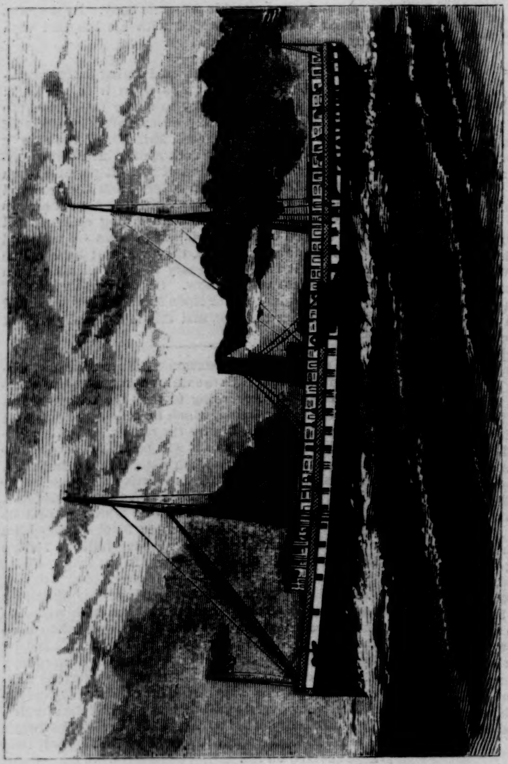
"Buy in London a good English luncheon-basket, which is both elegant and easy to carry, and fill it in the cities. Every one wants to see Fontainebleau, St. Germain, St. Cloud, and other historical places, but no one cares to see them at a cost of from fifteen to twenty dollars a head. One dollar will fill your lunch-basket in Paris, and by taking an early train you can reach Fontainebleau in time to see the most remarkable part of the forest before the palace is opened. Picnic in the woods—and there are lovely spots for it—visit the palace at 12, then go to the other side of the forest, and take the evening train back to the city. In this way every thing of note can be seen, and one returns without having the unpleasant sensation of being robbed. Most Englishmen do this now, and it is for this reason that the 'expense of the hotels' have to be put upon Americans and such stray French travelers as can be caught."

"You won't have any left if you give away so many," we said to a little girl the other day, who had been lavish with her kisses. "Yes, I shall," she responded, quickly; "I have to pickle ever so many now, so that they won't get stale. Will you have a pickled one?" We declined, but have pondered somewhat since on stale and pickled kisses.

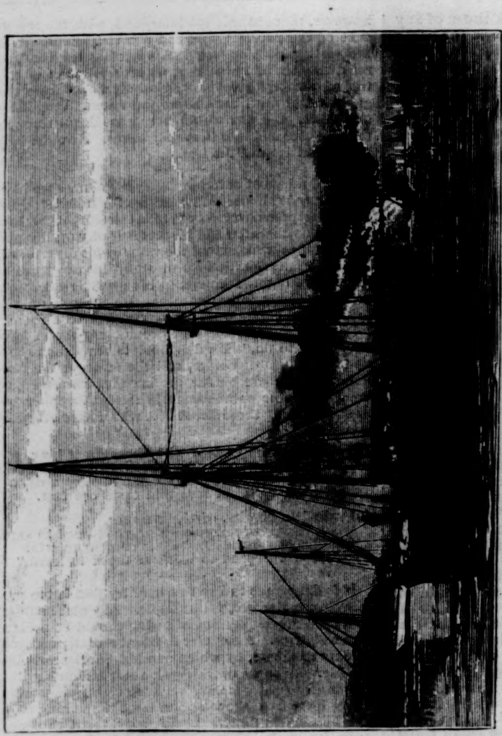
The following extract may be familiar to many of our readers, but it is worthy of being frequently pondered by all who are required to mingle and exert themselves in the active affairs of the world:

"Talent is something, but tact is every thing. Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable; tact is all that, and more too. Tact is not a sixth sense, but it is the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch; it is the interpreter of all riddles, the surmounter of all difficulties, the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places and at all times: it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way into the world; it is useful in society, for it shows him his way through the world. Talent is power—tact is skill; talent is weight—tact is momentum; talent knows what to do—tact knows how to do it; talent makes a man respectable—tact will make him respected; talent is wealth—tact is ready money. For all the practical purposes of life tact carries the day against talent—ten to one."

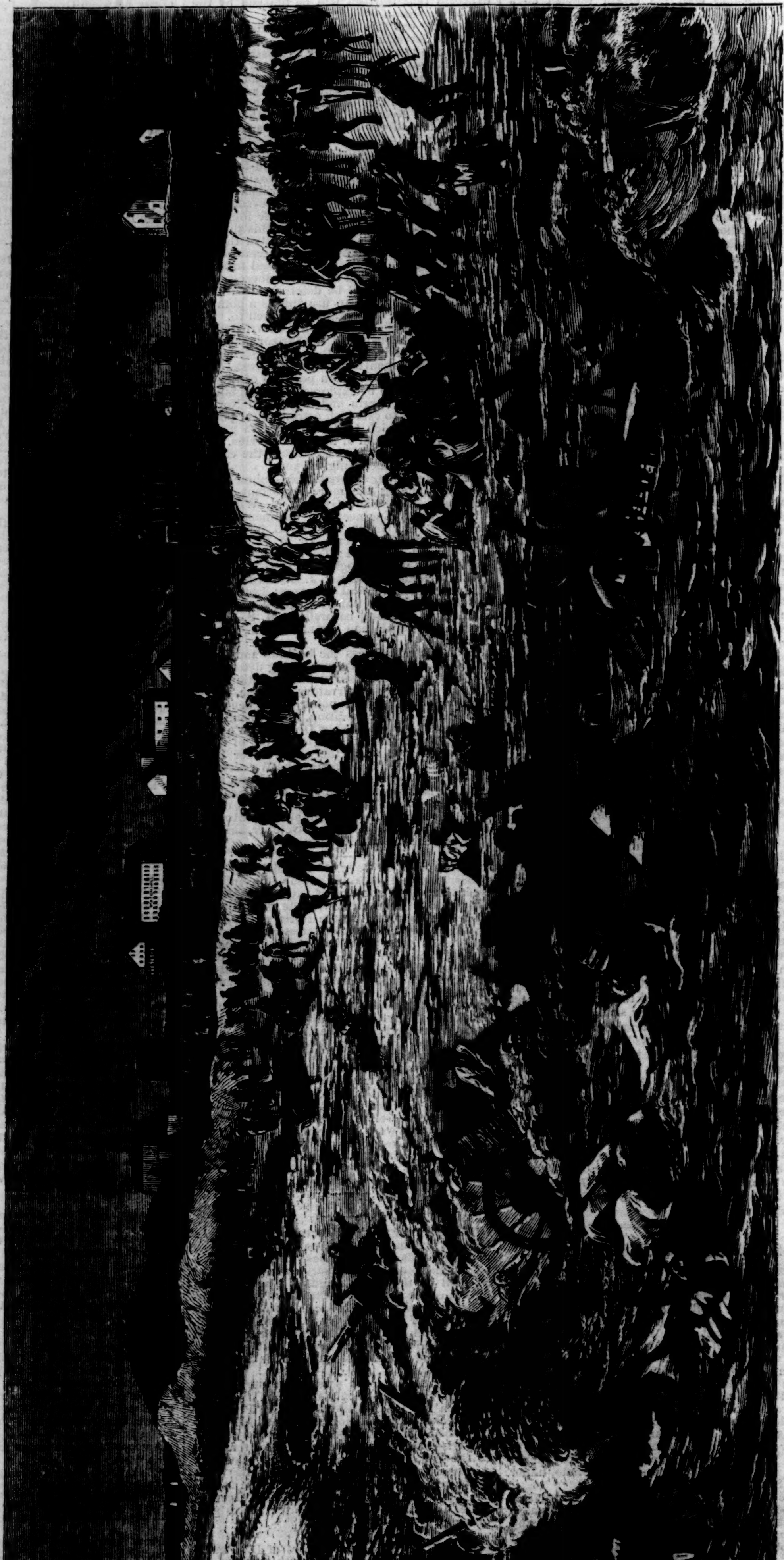
WATCH HILL BOATS PICKING UP SURVIVORS.



THE "METIS."



THE SCHOONER "NETTIE CUSHING."

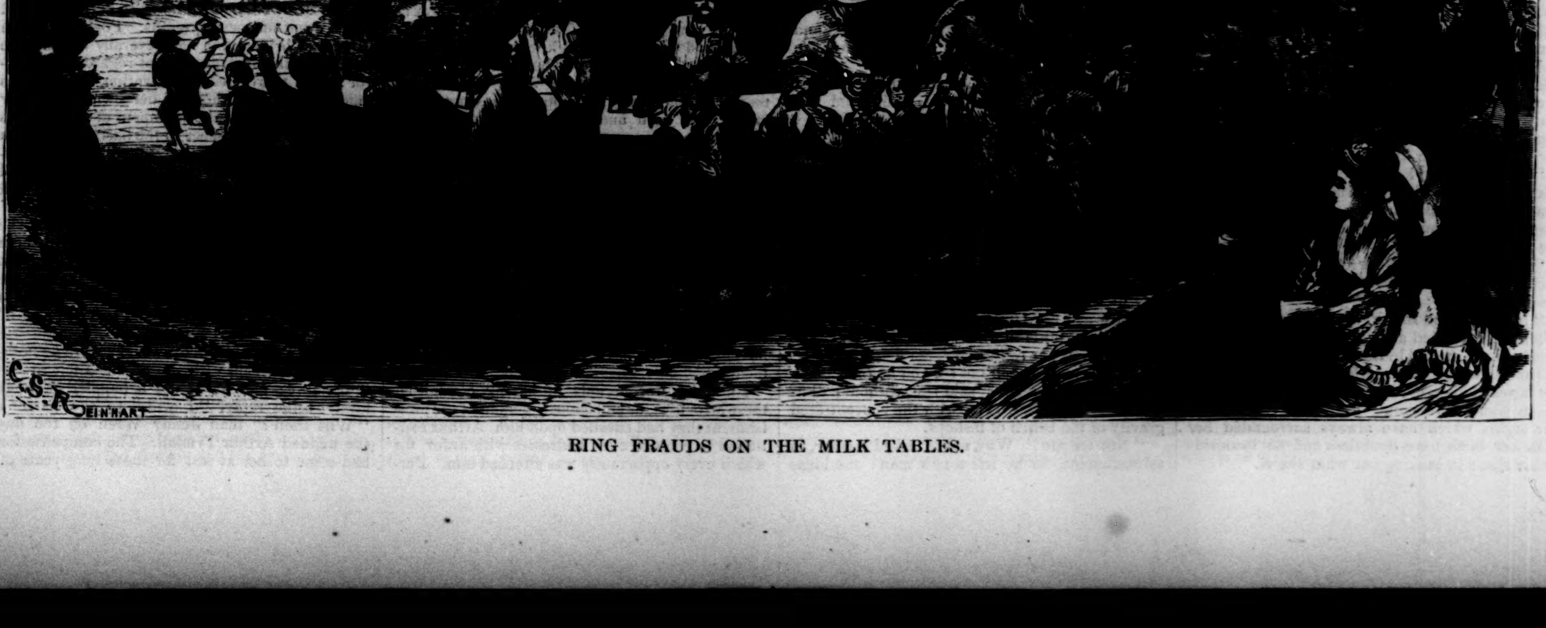


THE WRECK OF THE "METIS"—THROWN UP ON THE BEACH.—From Sketches by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 734.]

PICNIC OF THE STREET ARABS OF THE SIXTH WARD.—From Sketches by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 735.]

THE RECEPTION AT BOONTON.

RAID ON THE APPLE-TREES.



RING FRAUDS ON THE MILK TABLES.

THE LOTUS FLOWER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

THE lotus flower shrinks coyly
Before the day's broad light;
She hangs her head, and, dreaming,
Awaits the kindly night.

The moon, who is her lover,
He wakes her tenderly;
And she unveils her loving
And fair face to the sky.

She blooms and glows and glimmers,
And dumbly stares above;
She pants and weeps and trembles
With the joy and pain of love.

JOHN HAY.

A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "Won—Not Wooed," "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AN OLD STORY RETOLD.

IN spite of Jack's disclaimer, it was, in fact, chiefly owing to himself that that unlooked-for meeting between Arthur and Jenny had been brought about, although he had been ably seconded by Blanche. She had renewed acquaintance with Alice Renn, after long years of intermission, in one of their river expeditions, and had been surprised to find what a lady-like as well as sensible girl she was. They had known one another as children, when the difference of social rank is not much marked; but on her later visits to Swansdale Blanche had naturally seen but little of the innkeeper's daughter, and what she had heard (although it was nothing but good) had not prepossessed her in her favor. Her pride had resented the notion of there being "any thing between Arthur and a girl in Jenny's position;" and even when her cousin went abroad she did not forgive the innocent object of his attachment. Of late she had been still more prejudiced against her, for it had reached her ears that she had been the principal cause of quarrel between Helen and Arthur. It was true that Jack himself defended Jenny in the matter, but the advocacy of a husband in such cases is not always advantageous for the object of his vindication, and Blanche had come down to Swansdale Jenny's foe. That the edge of her wrath had been in the first place turned away was owing to Mr. Glyddon, of whom she had a high opinion, and whose unstinted praise of the girl awoke in her no suspicion of his own regard for the village beauty: what was unbecoming in the squire would have seemed to her absolutely disreputable in the rector, and her respect for the cloth precluded any such idea.

In sober fact, however, Mr. Glyddon's encomiums upon Jenny were quite independent of his affection for her. The knowledge of the part she had played with respect to the late Mrs. Tyndall, and the silence she continued to keep concerning the latter's behavior to her, even now when Helen was no more, filled the rector with admiration; so that on the very point on which Blanche interrogated him—namely, as to the relations between Jenny and Helen—he spoke with such an enthusiasm of the former's conduct as carried conviction with it. Blanche not only acknowledged to herself that she had been wrong in attributing blame to the lock-keeper's daughter, but sought an early opportunity—which Jack was eager enough to offer—to make reparation to her by graciously renewing their old acquaintance; and once brought face to face with one another, the two young women were much too sensible not to acknowledge each other's merits. The surprise, however, at finding her former playmate what she was, was, of course, on the side of Blanche. There was nothing unexpected in the grace and elegance of Mrs. Adair, nor, to Jenny, who was, of course, unacquainted with the failings of fashionable society, even in her naturalness and geniality; but to Blanche the other seemed a marvel. That she was beautiful, and delicately so, was nature's doing; that she was well informed upon subjects not generally within a woman's grasp, as well as upon ordinary topics, was doubtless due to her own diligence; but that one who had passed her girlhood at an inn, and who was now in a hardly less elevating, and even a more humble condition of life, should possess that ease of manner, joined with the most perfect propriety, which distinguished Jenny, was little short of a miracle. The drawback of a parent like old Jacob did not strike Blanche so forcibly, because her own father had been himself what Mr. Paul Jones would have termed "no sweetmeat;" but there was enough, and more than enough, in Jenny's superiority to the circumstances in which she was placed to excite her warmest admiration.

"Whenever I look upon that girl," said Blanche, when with her husband and Mr. Glyddon, "I can't help thinking of that line, 'And beauty born of murmuring sound shall pass into her face.'"

"Perhaps it's the lasher that does it," observed Jack, to whom the poetic description was a little obscure.

"Nay, it *is* the lasher," exclaimed the rector, vehemently, carried away for the moment by the recollections, evoked by that word, of Jenny's magnanimity and goodness, which did indeed make her fairer in his eyes; "that is, I mean," he added, in some confusion, "the sweet sounds and fair sights which have always surrounded her from her birth have doubtless had no inconsiderable share in making her what she is."

"And yet I have known young ladies who live by the river-side," said Jack, "at Wapping and Greenwich, for instance—"

"You ought not to have known them, Sir," broke in Blanche, attacking him vigorously with her parasol.

"Strike, but hear!" exclaimed the victim. "If you will but hear me out, you will see that you have no reason for this violence. I was going to say that in their case I did not remark that 'beauty born of murmuring sound' did pass into their face."

"My husband has no poetry in his soul," explained Blanche, in apology, to the rector. "He thinks Alice Renn is just good-looking, and that's all."

The fact was, that sagacious Jack had received his wife's commendations of Jenny's beauty and merits with studied coolness. He had found out his previous mistake in defending her against Blanche's insinuations, and had now nothing to say for her beyond a few words of tepid praise; but he gave her every opportunity that lay in his power of making her own way into his wife's good graces; and she had completely captivated her. Many an afternoon did the two young women spend with one another, sketch-book in hand, under the lime-tree; and once Blanche had said, though not without some misgiving on the other's account, "Won't you come back in the boat, Jenny, and dine with us at the *Welcome?*"

And Jenny, without a trace of embarrassment, had gladly accepted the invitation. "I should like it of all things," said she; "I have not been in the old place for years."

It was after that dinner that Blanche had observed to her husband: "Upon my word, my dear, I no longer wonder at Arthur's old *tendresse* for that charming girl. Whatever may have been her bringing up, she is every inch a lady: if one met her in a London drawing-room, I am much mistaken if one would not pick her out as *the* most thoroughly self-possessed and well-mannered—"

"My darling, you can't expect *me* to say that," interrupted Jack, judiciously.

"No; but seriously, dear, don't you think so?"

"She is quite a lady, no doubt, *in mind*," observed the designing one, with just sufficient of detraction in his tone to insure a reply from the Defense.

"Well, but, after all, that is the chief thing," said Blanche. "And really, now poor dear Helen is dead and gone, don't you think Arthur might do worse, if he really feels a warm regard for Jenny, and taking into consideration, of course, the dreadful state in which he is in—"

"But think of old Jacob, and the inn, and the lock," put in Jack.

"Well, of course, all that is bad; but it's a question of life or death almost to Arthur; and if he could be rescued from his solitude and melancholy by such a step, I do honestly think that a marriage with Jenny would be the best thing for him."

"Perhaps so," said Jack. "Indeed, my dear, I am pretty sure you are right; but, unfortunately, there is no getting him over to England."

"That's true," said Blanche, the match-making instincts that belong more or less to every newly married woman now thoroughly aroused; "but couldn't we take Jenny abroad with us in the autumn, and throw them together?"

As this was precisely the plan which Jack had been leading up to from the very first, and the germ of which had caused him to suggest their trip to Swansdale, he began, after true Machiavelian fashion, to manufacture little obstacles to the idea, for his wife to dispose of, until she was thoroughly set upon carrying it out. In the mean time, however, as we know, circumstances had brought Arthur home, and an opportunity thus offered itself of carrying their scheme at once into operation. It was necessary, indeed, to precipitate proceedings, since, while Uncle Magus lay dead, it would not have been decent to talk of marriage, and now that he was buried, it was Arthur's fixed intention to leave England, probably forever, in a few hours. But the very urgency of the case put Blanche upon her mettle, and so cunningly did she contrive matters that Jenny was sitting in the parlor at the *Welcome*, not, indeed, without a thought of Arthur, for her heart was heavy within her at the news she had heard of his altered looks and proposed exile, but without the faintest expectation of seeing him, when a step that she would have known among a thousand startled her from her sad reflections, and made her true heart bound within her.

"Arthur!" cried she, at the sight of him, and a plaintive wail like the note of an Æolian harp welled from her lips.

"Jenny!" whispered he, astonishment and delight overmastering him. "Dear Jenny, can this be true?"

The poor fellow had thought himself doomed never to see a happy moment again, and was half afraid that he was dreaming.

The suddenness and marvel of their meeting brought that about at once which it might have taken weeks of consideration and probation to have accomplished. These two did not do much credit to the good cheer of the *Welcome*, but, sitting on opposite sides of the little table, feasted on one another with their eyes; they did not speak much, but they had to endure some good-natured raillery from their hostess; for Blanche was in the highest spirits at the success which had crowned her stratagem; and it was easy to see by the twinkle in Jack's eyes that he did not disapprove of her sallies.

"I suppose we shall not see you again, Cousin Arthur, after to-night?" said she, without a dimple about her mouth, and with the concentrated gravity of the bench of bishops.

"Not see me! Why not?" asked Arthur, in astonishment, for he felt a new man: the ideas that he had so seriously entertained a few hours ago had vanished, or, rather, were exchanged for another set entirely different. "Of course you will see us to-morrow." (He had even already put himself in the plural.)

"I thought you meant to go to Liverpool to-morrow," said Blanche, demurely, "and start from thence to some tropical region."

"Jack," said Arthur, appealingly, "I throw myself on your protection."

"My dear fellow," replied Jack, "I wish I had it to offer you; but I dare not say my soul is my own."

They were all happy enough to take pleasure in the simplest mirth; but the most agreeable spectacle which the evening afforded was the matronly patronage which Blanche, a six months' wife, suddenly began to bestow upon Jenny in her new position; the advice she gave her to the end that she might in future control and subjugate Arthur, and the many wise reflections she let fall concerning the Art and Practice of Married Life. These didactic remarks suffered nothing in their general effect from the retirement of the ladies, for, since it was clearly out of the question to separate Arthur from Jenny, and also would have been a little too marked and significant to leave them alone together, the party did not disunite until it was time to break up. Then, "Would you mind seeing Jenny home, Arthur?" asked the hostess, with mischievous demureness; "because, if so, we can easily send somebody from the inn." But Arthur did not "mind;" and under the still moonlight the resoldered pair set out along the well-remembered path, and renewed after that long desuetude their olden talk. They stopped at starting beneath the very tree under which they had parted seven years ago, and kissed again; every field recalled some fond recollection of those by-gone days, once more so strangely renovated; and all the way the river sang beside them its old song. Their talk was of the past alone; their very kisses smacked of the halcyon days of youth and of first love. Of the intervening time—of Arthur's exile and his marriage, and of those last twelve months of widowerhood—not a word was said; but the remembrance of it all was deep within them both, and bore this fruit of purpose, that there was to be no more delay. They had been parted long enough, they had suffered (no matter through whose error) long enough, and such separation and sorrow were to be no more. Arthur pressed for their immediate union; and though Jenny pleaded the nearness of his uncle Magus's death as demanding a few months' postponement of their wedding, six weeks was the longest limit his patience would endure.

It is a beautiful provision of nature that country neighborhoods are supplied compensatorily with news by rumor with at least as great rapidity as the electric wire can furnish it to the town; and by breakfast-time next morning it was somehow patent to all Swansdale that the young widower at the Hall was engaged to Jenny Wren. Such advantage, indeed, has the tongue over the telegraph that some circumstances were even enumerated in connection with the event that were absolutely unknown to the parties themselves. For example, the squire had meant to marry Jenny from the moment of his late wife's death, and had come down to Swansdale to propose to her immediately that that year and day had expired which custom has assigned as the period of marital inconsolability: again, the squire had resolved *not* to marry Jenny, and, fearful of her influence over him, had avoided Swansdale until his uncle's death had compelled his presence there, when he had at once fallen a victim to her, and so fulfilled his own foreboding: again, it was Uncle Magus's dying words which had brought about this happy issue, for, seeing how solitary and wretched Arthur was, he had besought him to wed his first love as a remedy for regret for his second: and again, it was only for Uncle Magus's death that Arthur had waited even the very moderate time he had, since, while he was alive, he had hesitated to bring that relative's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave by the commission of such a *mésalliance*.

The second marriage of the young squire of Swansdale afforded, in fact, a topic of conversation for the whole interval between the first rumor of it and the ceremony itself, not only to Swansdale, but to the entire country-side. "The county" disapproved, of course—there is no crime, except, perhaps, rick-burning, which "the county" does disapprove of so much as of a *mésalliance*—but it was intensely interested, nevertheless. Ancient justices of the peace, who had not had oar in hand for twenty years, took to boating again in order that they might have an excuse for visiting Swansdale Lock and seeing the new toast of the Thames—in which, however, they were doomed to disappointment, for the Adairs had taken Jenny back with them to town, whither Arthur had followed her. Blanche would have fought the battle for her with "the county" tooth and nail, but "the county" was not to be fought. If such and such were Mrs. Adair's views upon the matter, it begged to differ from them; that was all *it* had to say—with the exception of the expression of its thanks to Providence that it did so differ. In its own drawing-rooms, and in its own particular circles, convention had not two opinions on this discreditable affair. In them Arthur Tyndall was charged with many a high crime and misdemeanor, such as "setting open flood-gates," "destroying social barriers," "flying in the face of public opinion," and was finally pronounced to have "lost the respect of all persons whose respect was worth having," and to have "done for himself irremediably."

Blissfully unconscious of having committed these atrocities, or audaciously defiant of the punishment they had entailed upon him, Arthur continued to prosecute his addresses with ardor, for which every opportunity was afforded him. Perhaps the opposition that had been offered to her own engagement made her more favorable than it otherwise would have been, but certainly never had love-match a stancher advocate than was found in Blanche Adair. She even undertook the colossal task of reconciling her mother to the *mésalliance*, though, it must be owned, not with great success. Good and wise as Mrs. Ralph Tyndall was, she had her own traditions, and clung to them.

"Arthur was old enough," she allowed, however, "to know his own mind, and she had no intention of remonstrating with him; and as for Alice Renn, she herself had always liked her, though it was true she had never contemplated her as a family connection."

This was not very promising, but Blanche was content with it, because her mother expressed herself willing to see Jenny; and to see her, as her new friend believed, was to be conquered by her. And indeed this came about, though not quite in the manner that Blanche had anticipated. Jenny did not "lay herself out" to conciliate Mrs. Ralph quite so much as was expected of her: she showed gratitude and respect, but made no solicitation of patronage. Moreover, on certain matters of private judgment—small enough of themselves, but things on which women are prone to be impatient of contradiction, and especially by their juniors—she held her own, modestly but resolutely, against Mrs. Ralph, and thereby won her heart.

"I must allow that your friend Jenny has both principle and character," was that lady's frank admission; and having thus gained a place in her respect, Jenny was not long in securing one in her affections. But the most remarkable feat that this young woman accomplished was the winning over Mrs. Somers, in whom, as was to be expected, she found at first her most strenuous adversary. She had even refused to meet Jenny, and when she did come across her, by sheer accident, under Mrs. Tyndall's roof, had behaved to her with great scorn and cruelty. It was only natural that she should have regarded with disfavor the girl who had so soon been chosen the successor of her dead daughter, but she had no right to treat her (as I am afraid she called her) as "the dirt under her feet." The manners of excellent Mrs. Somers, in fact, so far from having the repose that stamps the caste of Vere de Vere on that occasion, were so coarse and violent as to shock all beholders; and Jenny, who was certainly neither deficient in courage nor self-respect, had uttered no word of rejoinder. Her beautiful face had grown somewhat paler, and her lip had trembled a little, but not with rage; her eyes had not emitted one spark of indignation against her antagonist, for whom, indeed, she felt nothing but pity; and she never told Arthur one word of what had happened.

The fruit of this was borne some days afterward in a letter of apology from Mrs. Somers herself. "I ought to have known better, Miss Alice," it said. "You are not to blame for loving Arthur, and my conduct was shameful. I scarcely know what I did say, for my blood was up (thinking of my poor dead darling), but I dare say it was very bad. Since Blanche tells me you behaved like an angel, I conclude, indeed, that I must have behaved like the other thing. She says that she is sure, however, that you will forgive me. One thing, pray, believe—that if I was in a passion, I didn't give myself airs. As to your being an innkeeper's daughter (of which they make so much), I think nothing of that; my own husband, though no publican, dealt in hops himself, which is something like it......May you be happy, young woman, and make Arthur so, is my earnest wish." As to the rest of London society, it was of small consequence to Jenny whether she pleased or not, yet, for Arthur's sake, she strove to please, and succeeded. The town often welcomes what the country rejects, and *vice versa;* to the former, freshness, beauty, originality, are always welcome; and even when it was whispered that Miss Alice Renn had emerged from a lock on the Thames, it only gave a piquancy to her charms, and earned for her the title of the Thames Lily and the Fresh-water Aphrodite.

On many accounts, indeed, Arthur would have preferred his marriage to have occurred in London; but there would have seemed a cowardice in such a proceeding, from which he shrank ashamed, and in due time it accordingly took place at Swansdale.

Mrs. Ralph and the Adairs came down to it, but very few of the neighboring families were present, and what was thought a still worse sign, Mr. Glyddon did not perform the ceremony. Only one or two persons were aware of the real reason which prevented his doing so, and his absence was absurdly enough set down to his disapproval of the event on social grounds. Popular as both bride and bridegroom had severally been in the village, their marriage was not regarded with favor: even there, Jenny's elevation was quite as much resented by those of her own class as by her superiors, while the sentiment of Hamlet was indulged in with respect to the haste with which her bridal had followed the funeral of her predecessor. The frown of "the county" she had borne with great philosophy, for the county had never smiled upon her; but this disapproval of her old friends touched her nearly; nor did she derive any satisfaction from the line of defense which old Jacob always adopted for her (but especially after the amontillado), that "as for his daughter Jenny, she might have looked a deal higher had she chosen, and married a lord" (from Eton) "years ago."

However, these little drawbacks were as nothing in comparison with the bliss she felt in Arthur's love; and never did a happier or more lovely bride reply, "I will," to the parson's "Wilt thou?" than Jenny Wren on the day she wedded Arthur Tyndall. The compensation had come to her at last for those long years of

Patience and Disappointment, and surely, surely there was no disaster in Fate's store, save death itself, that *could* shadow those bright days to be!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

TOO MUCH HAPPINESS.

ARTHUR had left it to Jenny to select the spot in which they should pass their honey-moon, premising only (for fear, perhaps, that she might have hit upon the Lakes, where one does not, as a rule, spend honey-moons two years running) that it should be somewhere abroad; and she had chosen Brussels. It was curious to see how astonished, nay, petrified with alarm, he had looked when she made that choice.

"Good Heavens! Why Brussels, Jenny?"

"For no reason, dearest Arthur, save that which my own vanity suggested: I knew you had been ill and wretched there, alone, and I flattered myself that you would now feel differently, and perhaps ascribe the change to me."

Of course this explanation was eminently satisfactory; and as Jenny added that she was but an ignoramus, to whom every thing on the Continent would have the charm of novelty, Arthur proposed Italy. So to Florence, Rome, and Naples they journeyed, and a very happy time it was to both of them. To Jenny it was a new world of beauty, for she had never seen any other landscapes save those homely English river ones (which, after all, however, have no rivals), made up of wood and water and hanging banks, while the wonders of art were almost as new to her. She enjoyed the immense advantage of seeing these last with a companion who critically knew nothing about them; who did not rave about this, that, and the other, until she was afraid to have an opinion of her own, nor chatter the art shibboleth in her ears till the beauties faded out of the canvas. She did not say much herself, but what she did say contrasted very vividly with those second-hand notes of admiration he had heard other young ladies utter in similar circumstances, and gave him even a higher opinion of her good sense and taste than he had entertained before: only, with one other, he always loyally forbore to put her in comparison, and of her Jenny, on her part, never spoke. She would have liked to have spoken of her; and certainly would have taken care to do so only with tenderness and respect; but it was not for her to break the silence which Arthur so rigidly maintained upon that subject. He never once mentioned Helen's name, or in the most distant manner alluded to her, and this Jenny put down to an oversensitiveness with respect to herself: he had once discarded her for Helen, and perhaps he imagined that this was a source of bitterness to her; and she would have liked to have had the opportunity of telling him that this was no longer so; that she had never wondered, even when she felt most forlorn, that a beautiful and accomplished young woman, such as Helen, who had evidently also loved him tenderly, should, after so long an absence, have erased the memory of her own girlish charms, and that now, at all events, every feeling of humiliation is was forgotten in the great happiness he had bestowed upon her.

Jenny *was* intensely happy; and Arthur, too, seemed to have become quite another man. She was often asked, by chance companions of her own sex, how it was that her husband looked so old and yet so young; so gray and care-worn in the face, and yet so eye-bright and conspicuously happy.

"It was through an illness that he had at Brussels," was her reply to all such questions; but about that illness she knew little more than they, nothing, in fact, save what Blanche had told her; for Arthur had never opened his lips concerning it, and her delicate instinct warned her that there was some reason for his silence; perhaps the time he had spent there had been too immediately connected with Helen's death to permit allusion to it. Notwithstanding the dogma that husbands should have no secrets from their wives, complete confidence is hardly to be expected by the young woman who weds a widower, and Jenny was much too sensible to be exacting. She was a perfect Griselda, indeed, in this respect, and the very antipodes of Helen: some people may say that that only became her, considering the position from which her lord and master had raised her—and certainly, in a sense, it *did* become her; but if such concession be the usual consequence of marrying beneath one, men would surely never be so foolish as to wed in their own sphere. Moreover, as to money, although, it is true, Helen had been an heiress, Jenny, for her part, thanks to old Jacob's frugality, was by no means portionless, and, indeed, had brought quite as much to Arthur as he possessed himself. As one example among many in the difference between her and her predecessor with respect to the possession of "a will of their own," we may instance this—that when, after a few weeks of unclouded sunshine both within and without, Arthur hinted at their return to Swansdale, Jenny at once acceded to it. The idea could scarcely have been very welcome to her. Abroad she had been every where admired and caressed, while at home she had only to expect—at all events until time should wear away the prejudices of her neighbors—cold looks, cold shoulders, and unjust suspicions. Still Swansdale was to be her home, and, above all, Arthur's home, and she did not ask for a day's delay. It would have seemed to her as unjustifiable to do so as for a public school-boy, whose vacation is over, to demand another week of holiday without any reasonable excuse—such as an increase of the royal family.

The Tyndalls, therefore, returned to Swansdale. It was fortunate that the difference of their reception, as compared with that which they had accorded Arthur and his first wife, did not, of course, strike Jenny. No bells were rung; no rector met them at the station; no triumphal arch was raised for them to pass beneath it. The school, however, had assembled at the gates, as on the last occasion, but of their own accord and out of love for their old teacher, and gave Jenny a welcome that brought happy tears into her eyes. The servants, too, now not so numerous as of yore, lined the hall as they entered, to do honor to their new mistress; but Mrs. Glyn's manner was even stiffer than her silk gown. She could not forget that, long ago as it was, there had been a time when Miss Alice Renn had been content to take a cup of tea with her in the housekeeper's room, and had not dreamed of aspiring to the drawing-room; while the butler was filled with dread imaginings of the day when he should have to "demean hisself" by waiting on old Jacob at his son-in-law's table, and helping him to sherry.

"There'll be deuced little left of our fine West India Brown," was his dark foreboding, "if that old lushington gets the run of our cellar."

This apprehension, however, was, as it turned out, quite groundless; for, in the first place, West India Brown was an article always stigmatized by the adorer of amontillado as "treacly stuff;" and, in the second, Jacob Renn was much too "independent," after his own fashion, "to come any where where he might not be welcome; though (mind you!), for the matter of that, he had been in company in his time with the best in the land, and knew how to behave himself (thank Heaven!), whether it was to a dook or a dustman. If his gal wanted to see her old father, she might come down as often as she pleased to the lock, and, for the matter of that, the squire with her—why not?—and take a dish of tea." And this judicious compromise was, in fact, effected. Matters generally settled down much better than might have been expected; and every day saw the waves of opposition growing smoother and smoother, for in quiet, conciliating Mrs. Tyndall they had nothing to break against. Her only real trouble, in short, was that the rector could not be persuaded to visit at the Hall: it was painful enough to him, poor fellow, to have to look upon her and Arthur in their pew on Sunday from the too commanding elevation of his pulpit. But during their absence he had done them the good turn to thoroughly disabuse the mind of "the county" as to the reason for his holding aloof from them. Some feeble female at a dinner-party had ventured to congratulate Mr. Glyddon upon the stand he had made against "unequal matches"—meaning the tacit opposition he was supposed to have afforded to Jenny's marriage by deputing its solemnization to another—and his reply had astonished the company not a little.

"Whoever had married Miss Alice Renn," said he—"and I speak of all men without exception with whom I have ever been acquainted—must needs, in so doing, have made an unequal match, for none are worthy of her."

"Well, upon my word!" ejaculated the feeble female. "You do astonish me."

"Nevertheless, madam," returned the rector, "I assure you, upon my word of honor, that what I have said is true."

These words, which circulated from dinner-table to dinner-table, were by no means without their influence, for Mr. Glyddon was known not to be one to "say things" with a mere view to astonish, and the effect was seen in many "a call" at Swansdale Hall, which, though it may have had curiosity for its motive in the first instance, bore good social fruit: those who came as critics returned again and again in a much more kindly spirit; and one or two of the more sagacious even confessed to themselves that, so far from being what they had expected to find her, the second Mrs. Tyndall was "perfectly charming." At all events they professed themselves to be Jenny's friends, and though she did not need them for herself—for she was one of those women who are never idle, or find time heavy on their hands for want of such companionship—she welcomed them gladly for her husband's sake. It was a satisfaction to her to think, not that he need no longer be ashamed of his wife as one "sent to Coventry" by her neighbors (for that she knew he could never be), but that other people could no longer attribute to him such a feeling. Nay, Jenny Wren was but a woman after all (though none the less charming for that restriction), and it doubtless gratified her, when she went out to dine with her great neighbors, to know that she came beyond (or perhaps disappointed) their expectations of her. It had been supposed at first that she would have a difficulty in restraining her knife from visiting her mouth, and in extending her conversation beyond the topic of the coal traffic on the Thames; and yet not six months had elapsed before this "young person" had advanced to such social preferment that Lady Trottermout, the member's wife, had graciously pronounced her "quite an acquisition!"

All this, however, was but a very small item in the great sum of Jenny's happiness. Every day seemed to draw her husband nearer to her heart and her to his; while supremely content as she felt in her present lot, the future had now in store for her even a still greater bliss—the gift of offspring.

"Oh, my darling," whispered she to Arthur, when she first told him of it, "I feel so very, very happy that it gives me fear. The day of my life seems almost too bright to keep its blue."

"Nay," returned he, with tenderness, "this is only the compensation which is owed you for long years of patient sorrow and (alas!) ill treatment; you will be happier and happier every day, believe me, till the time comes—and may it be long distant, is my selfish prayer—for you to become an angel; so happy that the change at last from earth to heaven will not be noticeable: nay, it seems to me that it will be no change at all, darling, since in my eyes you are an angel already."

It was very pleasant to her to hear him use such loving hyperboles, and still more pleasant to see him so hopeful and happy, who but six months before had seemed to have neither hope nor happiness within him, for to what could that change be owing save to their mutual love! He was going out to shoot that day over a neighbor's preserves; and while left alone at home she repeated over and over again to herself those tender words, and called up the bright look with which they had been accompanied, to gild his absence. It was a dull November day, with occasional showers of sleet, and, as she was not likely to be troubled with visitors, she resolved to give it up to "setting things to rights" in her little boudoir. This room was full of knickknacks, which (such things not being much in her line) she had never thoroughly investigated and explored, though to some women it would have been a great delight to do so. Her predecessor, for example, "doted" on inlaid cabinets, old china, and Indian rarities in ivory and sandal-wood, and had surrounded herself with them in her bower. The knowledge that they had been Helen's might perhaps have given Jenny even less of interest in them than she would have otherwise felt; but if so, she was unaware of any such feeling, it was with no other sensation than that of a somewhat feeble curiosity that she proceeded to examine these treasures.

A Japanese cabinet, as being the most considerable object in the room, first engaged her attention. It was in construction simple enough, and, indeed, almost the fac-simile of that in Arthur's smoking-room, except that where his books stood there were here pigeon-holes, and that what were pigeon-holes in his cabinet were here little painted drawers, each with a tag of silver by which to pull it out. Both articles of furniture served the purposes of a desk, and the late Mrs. Tyndall had habitually made use of this one for her somewhat dainty letter-writing. House-keeping and accounts she had left entirely to Mrs. Glyn, but what correspondence she had carried on with old school friends, breathing eternal attachment, or with her more recent acquaintances in the neighborhood, "requesting the favor of," etc., etc., or "accepting with pleasure," etc., etc., had been transacted here, with little people in ebony and silver disporting themselves on every drawer above her, and expressing by inappropriate acrobatic action their sympathy with the difficulties of composition. Jenny was not aware of this, and it gave her a momentary feeling of discomfort upon opening the desk to find the blotting-book lying before her just as it had been left there two years ago—with *Helen Tyndall* in reverse imprinted on it—probably from the last note which her predecessor had ever penned. With that exception, every thing wore the appearance of having been looked to and set in order much more recently. Every scrap of note-paper, for instance, which had borne the dead woman's monogram had been carefully removed, and it was with the assurance that she would come upon no private record likely to give pain to herself or others that Jenny continued her investigations. Great was her surprise, then, to find in the first long drawer—the one most likely to be opened by any one who used the desk, and the one most certain not to be passed over by the person, whoever it was, that had set the cabinet in order—a large envelope with this address: *To be opened by the first person who shall chance to find it after my death.* (Signed) *Helen Tyndall.*

THE NEW ARMY UNIFORMS.

WE give on page 740 an illustration showing the new uniform to be worn by the army after the 1st of December next. All officers are to wear a double-breasted frock-coat of a dark blue cloth, the skirt to extend from one-half to three-fourths the distance from the hip joint to the bend of the knee. For a general there will be two rows of buttons on the breast, twelve in each row, placed by fours, the distance between each row five and one-half inches at top and three and one-half inches at bottom; stand up collar, not less than one nor more than two inches in height; cuffs three inches deep, to go around the sleeves parallel with the lower edge, and with three small buttons at the under seam; pockets in the folds of the skirts, with two buttons at the hip and one at the lower end of each side edge; collar and cuffs to be of dark blue velvet; lining of the coat, black.

For a lieutenant-general, major-general, and brigadier-general the coat is the same as the general's, except in respect to buttons, the number being respectively ten, nine, and eight, arranged by threes and twos.

The coat for a colonel, lieutenant-colonel, and major is the same as for a general, except that there are nine buttons in each row on the breast, placed at equal distances; collar and cuffs of the same color and material as the coat. The upper half of each cuff is ornamented with three double stripes of gold braid running the length of the cuff, pointed at their upper ends, and with a small button above the point of each stripe.

For a captain, first lieutenant, second lieutenant, and additional second lieutenant the coat is the same as for a colonel, except that there are seven buttons in each row on the breast, and two stripes on the cuffs.

The undress uniform for officers, for fatigues, marches, squad and company drills, and other drills when authorized by the commanding officer, and for ordinary wear, is a sack coat of dark blue cloth or serge; falling collar; single-breasted, with five buttons in front, same as those worn on the dress coat; with black braid extending from each button and button-hole back six inches, and terminating in "herring-bone" loops.

The insignia of the highest brevet rank held by the officer will be embroidered on each side the collar of the dress and undress coat, commencing one inch from the opening in front.

The uniform for enlisted men is as follows:

For infantry: single-breasted dark blue basque, piped with sky-blue; number of regiment or badge of corps in yellow metal in middle of sky-blue facing of collar on each side; skirt of coat on each side of opening behind to be faced with sky-blue cloth, ornamented with four buttons; shoulder-straps of cloth the color of the facings let into the shoulder seam, and to button over the shoulder-belts at the collar seam with one button. Shoulder-straps for engineer soldiers, scarlet, piped with white.

For enlisted men of artillery, engineers, and ordnance: same as for infantry, except that the facing shall be scarlet for artillery, scarlet and white for engineers, and crimson for ordnance.

For cavalry and light artillery: same as for infantry, excepting that it is shorter in the skirt, and the facing upon the skirt put on differently; facings for cavalry, yellow; and for light artillery, red.

Our illustrations are made from patterns furnished by Messrs. SCHUYLER, HARTLY, & GRAHAM, of this city, by whom the new uniforms are manufactured.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A WORTHY deacon in a town somewhere or other gave notice at a prayer-meeting the other night of a church-meeting that was to be held immediately after, and unconsciously added, "There is no objection to the female brethren remaining." This reminds us of a clergyman who told in his sermon last Sunday of a very affecting scene, where "there wasn't a dry tear in the house."

When is it right to take any one in?—When it rains.

Pen-makers are a bad lot. They make people steel pens, and then they say they do write.

Q. I am a lover rejected. Pray what shall I do? Shall I "shuffle this mortal," like some lovyers true?
A. Oh no; for such actions make waste of good blood. Just keep up your courage—your chance is still good. Remuster your forces, your colors unfurl, and go forth to the conquest of some other girl!

Steam is a servant that sometimes blows up its master.

When a lady faints, what figure does she need?—You must bring her 2.

A queer old gentleman being asked what he wished for dinner, replied, "An appetite, good company, something to eat, and a napkin."

A married lady who has many admirers was in company, recently, where the marriage tie was the subject of conversation, and a pleasant sparring arose between her husband, also present, and herself. "Ah," she exclaimed at length, "you do not think so highly of the hymeneal knot as I do!" "Yes, I do," he replied, "and it is only when you wish to make it a *double beau* knot that I object to it."

A MAN OF STANDING—The street-car conductor.

What fruit is the most visionary?—The apple of the eye.

The celebrated Henderson, the actor, was seldom known to be in a passion. When at Oxford he was one day debating with a fellow-student, who, not keeping his temper, threw a glass of wine in his face. Mr. Henderson took out his handkerchief, wiped his face, and coolly said, "That, Sir, was a digression: now for the argument."

ILLEGAL CORN MEASURE—A tight shoe.

If you want to know whether a tree is hollow or not, axe it.

During a late Conference at Worcester the following conversation was overheard between two newsboys: "I say, Jim, what's the meaning of so many ministers being here all together?" "Why," answered Jim, scornfully, "they always meet once a year to swap sermons."

Which is the best way to retain a young lady's affections?—Not to return them.

"That bed is not long enough for me," said a very tall, gruff Englishman, upon being ushered into his bedroom by an Irish waiter at one of our hotels. "Faith, an' you'll find it's plenty long, Sir, when you get into it," was the reply; "for then there'll be two feet more added to it."

SEA-SIDE VIEWS—That visitors should be plundered unmercifully.

In Arizona there are "many men of many mines."

A lazy dyspeptic was bewailing his own misfortunes, and speaking with a friend on the latter's hearty appearance. "What do you do to make yourself so strong and healthy?" inquired the dyspeptic. "Live on fruit alone," answered the friend. "What kind of fruit?" "The fruit of industry; and I am never troubled with indigestion."

POWER OF EVIL—A power of attorney.

A CENTRE ORNAMENT—Your nose.

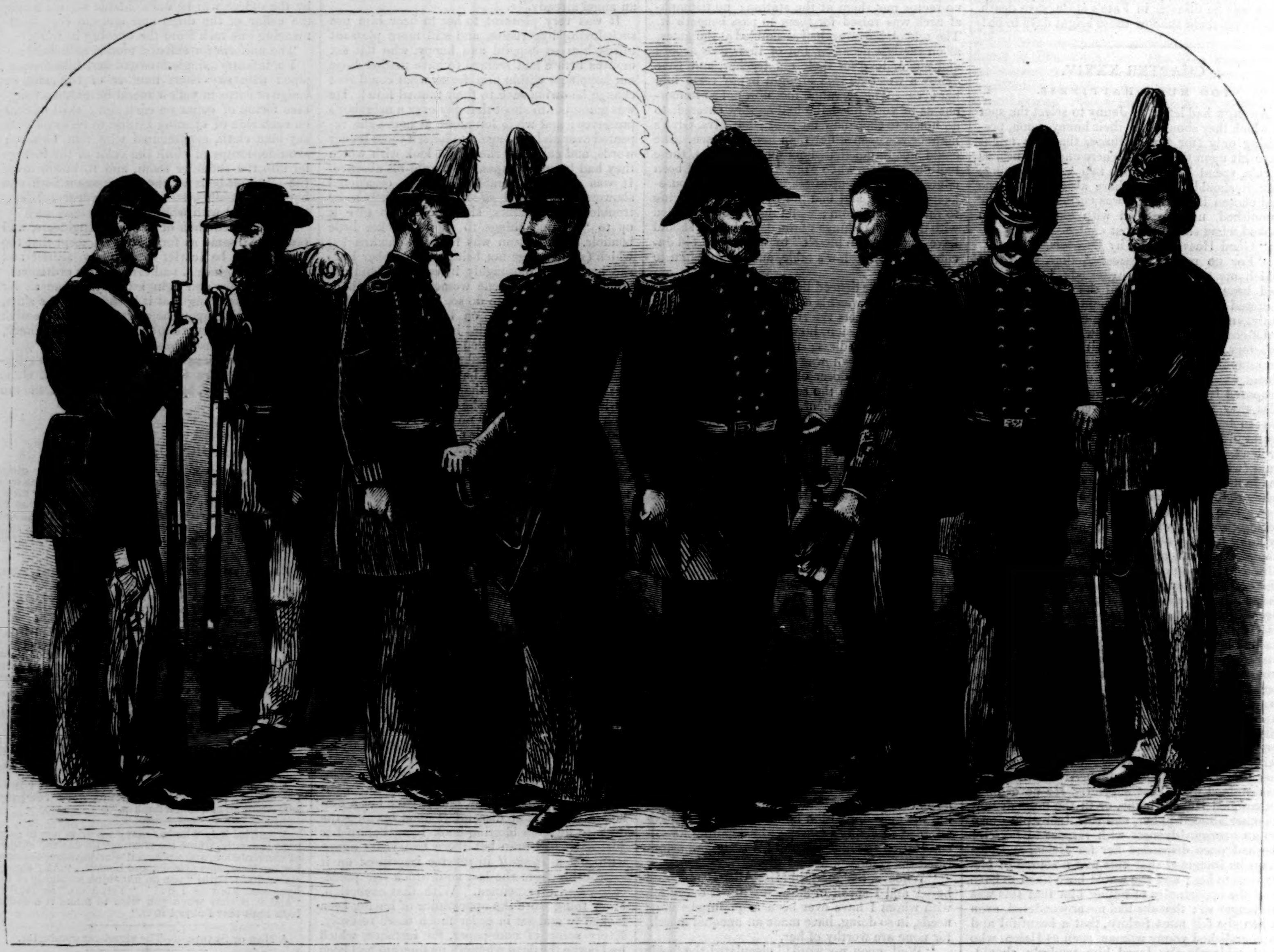
The most extraordinary instance of patience on record is that of an American judge who listened silently for two days while a couple of wordy lawyers contended about the construction of an act of the Legislature, and then ended the controversy by quietly remarking, "Gentlemen, the law is repealed."

The man who was filled with emotion hadn't room for his dinner.

A paper recently alluded to a man as a "battle-scared veteran." The compositor was so agitated when the editor made him correct it that he changed it to "bottle-scarred" veteran. And still the veteran in question was not satisfied.

The children say it's scold weather always when house-cleaning is going on.

A lady who had received a severe bite on her arm from a dog went to Dr. Abernethy, but hearing of his aversion to hear the statement of particulars, she merely uncovered the injured part and held it before him in silence. After examining it he said, in an inquiring tone, "Scratch?" "Bite," said the lady. "Cat?" inquired the doctor. "Dog," rejoined the lady. So delighted was the doctor with the brevity and promptness of the lady's answers that he exclaimed, "Zounds, madam, you are the most sensible woman I have met with in all my life!"



Full Dress of Sergeant of Infantry. Field Dress of Private of Infantry. Regimental Adjutant. Colonel of Infantry. Brigadier-General. Undress of Lieutenant-Colonel and Brevet Major-General. Officer of Cavalry and Light Artillery. Corporal of Cavalry and Light Artillery.

NEW UNIFORM OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

FROM PATTERNS FURNISHED BY MESSRS. SCHUYLER, HARTLY, & GRAHAM, OF NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 739.]

BURNING OF THE PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP "BIENVILLE," ON THE MORNING OF AUGUST 15—PASSENGERS AND CREW ESCAPING IN THE BOATS.

[SEE PAGE 741.]

THE CROWDED CAR.

MR. BERGH is doing a good thing for humanity as well as horseflesh by his efforts to stop the scandalous overcrowding of the street cars. On some of the lines leading to the upper part of the city scenes like the one depicted on this page are of too frequent occurrence. The car is packed and jammed with passengers until there is scarcely room to breathe, and the jaded team can hardly pull the load. They manage such things much better in France. A Parisian omnibus or car is permitted to take the exact number of passengers for whom seats are provided, but not one more. Consequently there is no unpleasant crowding, and no overstrain on the horses.

THE REV. L. H. WISEMAN.

THE Rev. LUKE WISEMAN, M.A., was born in Norwich, England, in January, 1822, and received a sound classical education in that city. After acting for some time as private secretary to the late Sir THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON, he received an offer of a university education at Cambridge, free of expense, if he would consent to prepare for Anglican orders; this, however, he declined, preferring the communion in which he had been brought up. In 1840 he commenced to study for the Wesleyan ministry in the theological college at Hoxton, and on the completion of his education was successively appointed to the pastorates of Chelmsford, Hastings, Darlington, York, Manchester, Lambeth, and Islington. In 1868 he was removed from the regular pastoral work and placed in charge of the Foreign Missions Department. In 1871 he became Secretary of the Conference, and was dispatched to the United States and Canada upon a special mission; and on the 31st of last July he became President of the Conference, being elected by the largest vote ever recorded for that office. He delivered no inaugural address, but on the following Sunday he preached a very eloquent sermon from Matthew, ix. 32 ("They brought him a dumb man possessed with a devil"), characterizing with great force the various kinds of mental and spiritual dumbness, and speaking of the dumbness to be found, he feared, in many of the pulpits of Christendom.

MR. WISEMAN has a literary reputation as well as a religious one. In 1861, in conjunction with a few others, he started the *Methodist Recorder* (a weekly journal of considerable circulation and influence among Methodist people), which he edited until the beginning of this year, when his journey to this country compelled him to retire. Besides this, he has from time to time contributed to various theological and literary journals, and is the author of several works—"A Treatise on the Temptation of Christ," first published in 1857, which has gone through several editions; "Sketches from the Book of Judges," etc. On the recent Conference over which this gentleman presided, we may here briefly remark, it is of course quite impossible for us to summarize the work of fourteen days, in which 750 ministers took part, or even to give a list of the multifarious subjects which successively engaged their attention. The discipline and organization of the Wesleyan body are the admiration of the world; but while they keep a watchful eye upon their own doings, they are not unmindful of what is going on around them in the world. The Sunday trading question, education, and the temperance movement indicate the lively interest they take in social matters; and the speeches upon the expulsion of the Jesuits from Germany, the African slave trade, and other subjects show that their mental vision is not bounded by the shores of the country in which they live.

REV. LUKE HOLT WISEMAN, PRESIDENT OF THE ENGLISH WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.

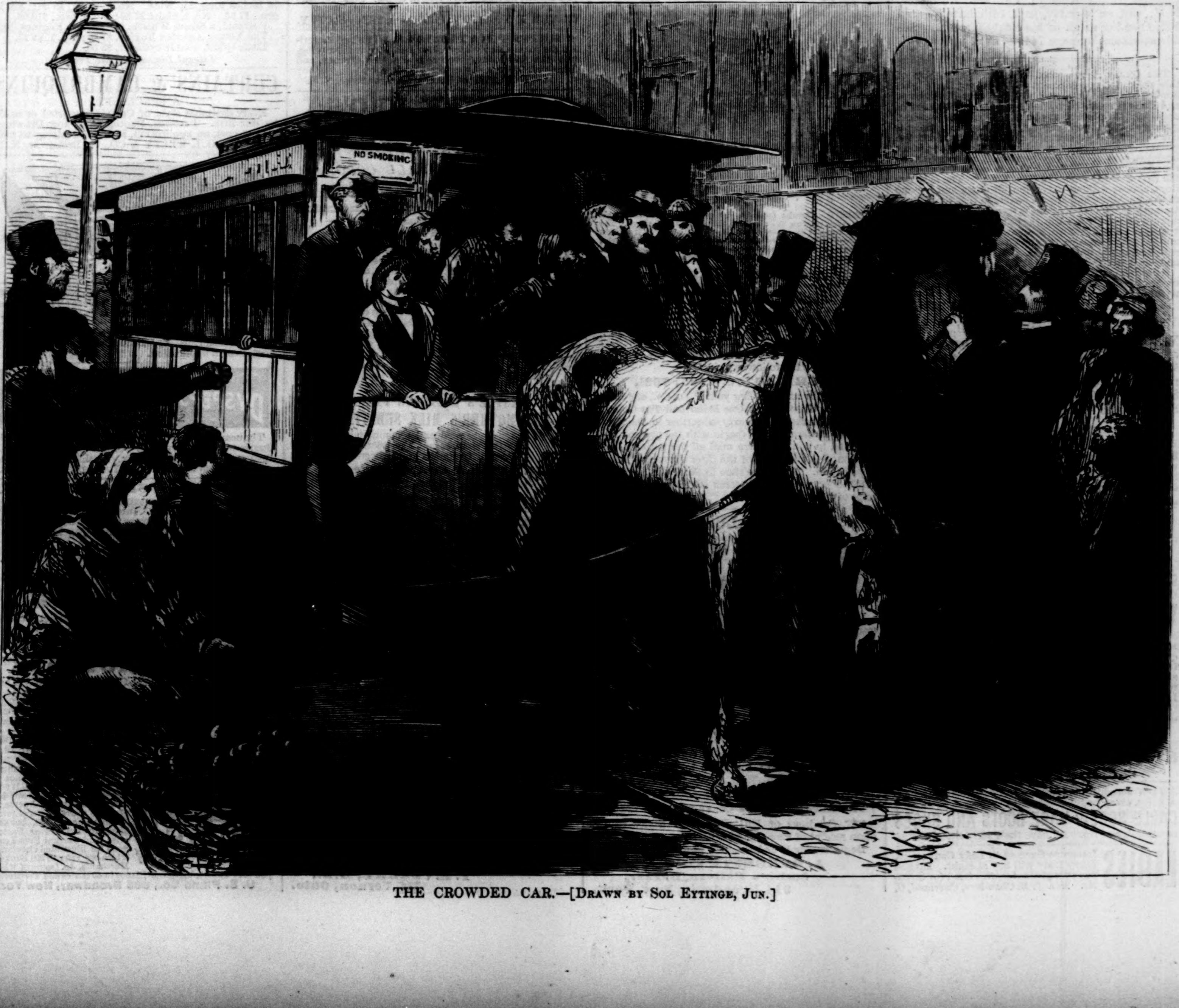
BURNING OF THE "BIENVILLE."

THE steamship *Bienville* left New York for Aspinwall on the 10th of August, with a valuable cargo and 127 passengers and crew. The voyage was pleasant and uneventful until about three o'clock on the morning of the fifth day out, when the cargo was discovered to be on fire.

The captain, Mr. JEFFERSON MAURY, immediately took energetic measures to extinguish the flames, but owing to the breaking down of the steam-pumps his efforts were unavailing. The fire gained rapidly, and at six o'clock Captain MAURY ordered the boats, six in number, to be launched, and the passengers and crew forsook the burning ship. Captain MAURY was the last to leave. One of the boats unhappily capsized soon after leaving the ship, and a number of passengers were drowned. The boat was afterward righted and bailed out, and reached Cat Island in safety. The other boats, with one exception, succeeded in reaching Eleuthera Island, distant about one hundred and fifty miles from the scene of disaster. Here another calamity occurred. One of the boats was capsized in attempting to land, and nine persons, including a lady with three children, were drowned. At last accounts the missing boat had not been heard from, but it is supposed it was picked up by a passing vessel, as an empty boat was seen adrift near Eleuthera Island with a life-preserver in it. From this island the survivors made their way to Nassau, New Providence, where they were kindly received and cared for. One poor woman, who had become partially insane and had wandered away, was left on the island.

The first account of the disaster stated that Captain MAURY hastened the embarkation in the boats from fear of an explosion of powder stored among the cargo; but this is denied by the agent of the company in New York. There was an explosion at half past one, before the boats had lost sight of the burning steamer, which immediately sank; but this may have been the boilers.

The *Bienville* was a stanch vessel, well manned and ably officered. Her boilers were



THE CROWDED CAR.—[DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, JUN.]

new, and she had recently been put in thorough repair. Our illustration, on page 740, represents the moment when the boats were leaving the vessel, which by that time was enveloped in flame and smoke.

ENGLISH COLONIES IN THE NORTHWEST.

THE Rev. GEORGE RODGERS, of Dorsetshire, in the south of England, accompanied by a number of intelligent English tenant-farmers, has recently completed a tour of inspection through the Northwest, made for the purpose of selecting a location for a colony of some two thousand English people. After an extended trip, the delegation selected eight townships (about 180,000 acres) in Clay County, Minnesota, on the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad — half the area being Government lands, and hence subject to free homestead entry by the colonists, and the other half belonging to the Railroad Company. A railroad town, to be named Yeovil at the request of the colonists, has been set apart to the colony, near the centre of the tract. Some two hundred families, embracing a thousand people, intend to leave England for the colony lands in April next, and the remainder will follow during the season. The colonists are mainly well-to-do tenant-farmers and farmers' sons, who will bring with them to the United States from $1000 to $10,000 of capital each, and a degree of agricultural skill and thoroughness which, when expended upon the fertile lands they have chosen, can hardly fail to result in thrift and success. The full title to the lands bought from the Northern Pacific Railroad Company will cost these English farmers less than half as much per acre as they have hitherto paid for the annual rental of Dorsetshire lands.

Mr. RODGERS and his practical associates unite in saying that the facts regarding the quality of the Company's lands and the general advantages of the Northwestern country have been considerably understated by the Company's publications and representatives in Great Britain. They also concur in the belief that Minnesota and the country further west, in the same latitude, are perfectly adapted to English settlement, and that the present colony movement is only the forerunner of scores of thousands of Englishmen who will speedily follow and make their homes in the great grain belt and stock range of the Northwest. Mr. RODGERS consulted many of his own countrymen settled in Minnesota, and, without an exception, they claimed to be prosperous and greatly pleased with the State as a home for English people who wish to emigrate to America. —[*Philadelphia Inquirer.*]

C. O. D.

A. J. NUTTING, the C. O. D. Fine Clothier, of Chicago, Ill., Pittsburgh, Pa., and Rochester, N. Y., will, on Monday, Sept. 16th, have a grand Fall Opening at all of his establishments. See advertisement on page 744.—[*Com.*]

THE GREAT ATTRACTION.—The great attraction of this week is the magnificent new rooms of the Wilson Sewing Machine Company, at the corner of Superior and Bond Streets. Crowds of people may be seen in and about the place at any hour of the day or evening, gazing at the superb carpets, the frescoing, the gilt chandeliers, the wonderfully carved counters, and the general elegance of every thing about. A prominent business man of this city remarked, after going the rounds of the place, that "This is up to the style of the Erie Railway offices in New York." The lady visitors, almost without exception, sit down and try one of the machines, and always conclude that the Wilson Under-Feed Sewing Machine is the nicest feature of the admirable concern. And they are not mistaken. In beauty of form and finish, in ease and precision of work, and in perfect capacity for any kind of sewing, the Wilson Machine is unsurpassed. Call at the new rooms and see it work.—*Cleveland Daily Leader.*

Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the United States. The company want agents in country towns.—[*Com.*]

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—Mrs. B. H. MAN, Westville Centre, N. Y., has used her Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Machine constantly since 1856 in sewing for several families, without any repairs; eleven persons have learned to use it. See the new Improvements and Woods' Lock-Stitch Ripper.—[*Com.*]

COLGATE & Co. recommend their CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP for general-toilet use, because of its intrinsic worth. Its materials are pure, its fragrance pervading, its beauty unexcelled by any other toilet soap yet offered to the public.—[*Com.*]

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FASHIONS for Fall & Winter.
Golden Opportunity.

1170

GODIVA. This Polonaise is one of our latest Paris Novelties. It contains many new and very valuable features. Without looping it can be worn as a long tight-fitting basquine, or looped (as shown in cut) it is a most elegant Polonaise. The ornamental back piece passes over the shoulders and forms a neat bust cape in front and is "adjustable;" may be worn or not as fancy dictates, thus constituting *two* entirely different Polonaise in appearance. The back piece is sometimes made in velvet or satin, and richly trimmed, and completes a brilliant toilet when worn with a house dress. Besides its beautiful variations it is well adapted to any material. Takes six yards of 24 inch goods. Price of pattern with cloth model ONE DOLLAR. See PREMIUM OFFER below.

1165

NEW FALL WRAP, is a sacque and cape, with a thribble box-pleat laid on the under side in the back, and in place of the broad pleat of last season; just the three edges are visible from each side, giving the appearance of six round folds, the cape slopes gracefully to the back, and is left open to trim. The sacque has a large sleeve, which can be used or not, as weather or comfort demand.

We give this as one of the very best for fall and winter cloak made in either velvet or cloth. The original is of dark blue ladies' cloth. Scolloped and bound with velvet and velvet buttons. Takes three yards of ladies' cloth. Pattern, with cloth model, 50 cents. *See premium offer below.*

762

PRESTO. Chemise for lady. Its great success in leading all other styles is owing to its perfect fitting band and sleeve. The curved arm-size is an improvement of *much* value, as it will not *cut* the shoulder or *bend* the arm, and also avoids the homely, perplexing gusset. Takes three yards linen for medium-size. Pattern, with cloth model, 25 cents. See Premium below.

We give a CLOTH MODEL with each pattern which SHOWS every seam, pleat, gather, loop, etc., how to put the garment together by the pattern, and how it will look when completed. By the use of our Cloth Models any person who can sew can FINISH the most difficult garment as easily as the plainest. They are PERFECT GUIDES.

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and sign your name, giving your P. O., Co., and State, and then inclose it, with *One Dollar* and *Ten Cents*, to us, we will make you a *yearly* subscriber to *Smith's Illustrated Pattern Bazaar* (begin with the present No.), and send to you by return mail *all* the patterns, with cloth models complete, of the *three* above engravings, *as premium*. *Now* is the time to *Subscribe!*

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The present number contains a large double-page *fashion plate*, 11 by 22 inches, printed on beautiful, heavy, rose-tint paper; Foreign Correspondence; Criticisms; Stories; Hints, &c., &c., with information in detail upon all parts of ladies', misses', and children's dress and dress-making.

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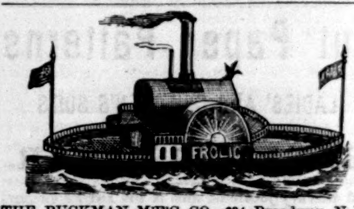

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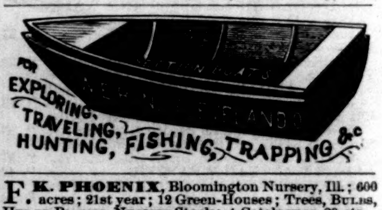

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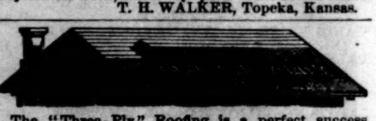

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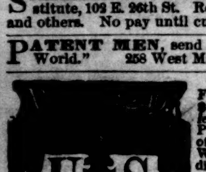

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Vol. IV.

LADY'S GORED WRAPPER .... No. 5
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GIRL'S PRINCESSE SUIT (for girl from 2 to 8 years old) .... " 25
CHILD'S GABRIELLE DRESS AND WALKING COAT (for child from 6 months to 4 years old) .... " 27
BOY'S KNEE-BREECHES, VEST, AND JACKET (for boy from 4 to 9 years old) .... " 29
YOUTH'S ENGLISH WALKING COAT, VEST, AND PANTALOONS (for youth from 8 to 15 years old) .... " 33
INFANT'S WARDROBE (Cloak, Gored Robe, Yoke Slip, Night Slip, Petticoat, and Shirt) .... " 35
MARGUERITE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT .... " 37
LADY'S WATTEAU WRAPPER .... " 42
GIRL'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK (for girl from 5 to 15 years old) .... " 44
GENTLEMAN'S SHORT DRESSING-GOWN AND SMOKING-CAP .... " 46
PLAIN-WAIST HOUSE DRESS, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt .... " 48
LOW-NECKED EVENING DRESS, with Adjustable Court Train and Round Skirt .... " 49
WATTEAU MANTLE, with 3-Pleat Blouse, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt .... " 50

Vol. V.

DOUBLE-BREASTED SACQUE, with Postilion Basque, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Under Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old) .... " 2
LADY'S SACQUE WRAPPER .... " 4
LADY'S LINGERIE (Dressing Sacque, Corset Cover, Night Sacque, Yoke Night Dress, Yoke Chemise, and Drawers) .... " 6
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SLEEVELESS SACQUE AND CAPE, with French Blouse, Apron Over-skirt with Watteau Postilion, and Walking Skirt .... " 13
MARGUERITE DOLLY VARDEN WALKING SUIT, with Cape .... " 15
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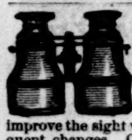

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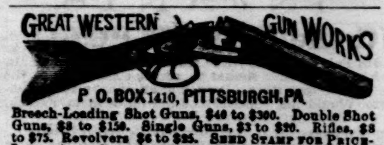

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